Established Aug. 4, 1821.

The SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON & CO., Publishers. No. 319 Walnut St., Philad'a.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1869.

Price $2.50 A Year, in Advance. Single Number 6 Cents.

Whole Number Issued, 2513.

DISILLUSION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST BY MRS. M. F. TUCKER.

Through all the winter, comfortless and cold,
I longed so fervently for days like these,
For murmuring brooks, for shadow-haunted trees,
And beauties manifold.

A great grief weighing down my heart, I said,
"At such a season, chilled by snow and frost,
They who have suffered, who have loved and lost,
Cannot be comforted.

"But when the summer reddens in the skies,
And robes with verdure all these desolate hills,
And speaks enchantment to the silent rills,
It will be otherwise.

"When roses fling their sweetness to the air,
And waxen lilies lift their faces white,
When daisies nod and violets spring in sight,
We shall forget our care."

And this is Summer. All her signs are set,
Tree, bud, and blossom, and the valley grass
Proclaim her presence; but, alas! alas!
The grief abideth yet.

Yet nothing has the liberal year denied.
Her generous bounty, sumptuous and sweet,
Lies heaped before us—scattered at our feet,
All that was prophesied.

But this is taught, nor time nor place can mend
A broken heart—a shattered hope—and we
Who bear a cross, however complainingly,
Must bear it to the end.

GEORGE CANTERBURY'S WILL.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "THE RED COURT FARM," &c.

CHAPTER XI.

IN THE EVENING PAPER.

Thomas Kage sat in his chambers in the Temple. It was a bright afternoon in August (for the exigencies of the story require us to go back for some weeks), passing rapidly on to evening. All the world had gone out of London except Mr. Kage: he could not well afford a holiday, and said to himself that he did not want one.

Seated at his table in the inner room, whose window overlooked the Temple Garden, and the river winding past it, he was busy perusing some papers. The business that had taken him to Aberton early in the spring, and to which an interruption occurred, was again going on. It was not entirely connected with his profession as a barrister, but was a matter he had taken in hand privately to help a friend. The law-courts were up, Thomas Kage had little to do publicly, and so was at liberty to give his time to this.

He sat with his head leaning on his hand, thinking that very shortly he would have to go to Aberton again, unless his friend, Mr. Rashburn, came up to London. He did not care to go to Aberton; but if he had to go, should he, or should he not, walk over to Chilling, and see her who had played that havoc with his heart?

The traces of the conflict he had gone through since that fatal June day, only two months past, but to him seeming like an age, might be seen in his countenance. The cheeks were even thinner than before, the eyes wore a feverish light, the voice had an habitually subdued tone of sadness in it; signs that an accurate observer may sometimes note in one who has gone through an ordeal of silent mental suffering. Perhaps it was not well—well for his resolve of forgetting her—that ever and anon some foolish thought or proverb, such as, While there's life there's hope, should dart into his mind, and leave a faint ray of what looked very like hope behind it. While she remained Caroline Kage, and unappropriated; while there existed a chance—and the world is full of such chances—that he should work on to riches, it seemed not absolutely impossible that brightness might succeed to the darkness.

Passionately though he had loved her, perfect as he thought her, he had not failed to see that she had used him cruelly ill; and he had come up to town that June day calling her heartless. He rejected the offer of going to India; he set himself a task—to forget her. But as the weeks went on, and the pain, ever racking his breast, became a trifle less keen, or perhaps it was only that he grew more inured to it, she resumed some of her old ascendancy over him, and he began to find excuses for her. *She* had not rejected him; at least, not of her own free will; her mother must have forced her to it. And so, if he had to go to Aberton, it might be a question whether he should not go on to Chilling; he was beginning to yearn for another sight of her as few men have yearned for anything in this life. One fact he was very certain of: he knew he could not be mistaken in that—she had loved him passionately, with all her heart. It might be—well, yes, it might—that she was suffering as he suffered; and that to see him once more would bring happiness to her as it would to him.

He looked up at the bright ray of sun slanting past the window, but not touching it; and somewhat of the same brightness illumined his spirit.

The London clocks chimed out an evening chime, and Thomas Kage was working on. The boy came in; one he shared with two more barristers, both of whom had gone on the wing, so Mr. Kage could have the whole of him.

"It's the paper come, sir," he said, putting the evening journal on the table.

Mr. Kage nodded. "You need not wait, James."

No need for a second dismissal. The boy said good-evening to his master, and flew off. Mr. Kage, coming to the end of the parchment he had been looking over, thought he had done enough for the day, and put the dry law documents by until the morrow. Taking up the newspaper, he walked to the window, holding it in his hand while he looked out on the busy clamor and noise.

The gardens were alive, so to say. With the rising of the law-courts a week back, and the migration of the barristers, leaving the Temple to emptiness and Thomas Carr Kage, the large gardens had been simultaneously opened for a couple of hours about sunset to the poor little riff-raff children of London. From the reeking courts, within a stone's throw, they came; from the miserable haunts, lying nearly contiguous to St. Clement Danes's fine church; from the Seven Dials and St. Giles's; from the unwholesome stacks of buildings on the Surrey side, and near the river; on, on they trooped, these ill-fated children, making for the pleasant grass-green place in sure and swift bands, something like that great army of bearing on locusts, that are not to be turned aside by man, so powerfully described in the prophecies of Joel. They had not long been let in; a fine crowd of them: boys and girls, and toddling wee things and babies; scarcely a whole garment or good shoe among them—only rags and tatters and dirt; and with it all merry shouts and light laughter, just as though they had been the favored of the land, and slept on cots of down with silken curtains of purple.

How they enjoyed that freedom on the greensward; leaping, tumbling, rolling on it! How careful they were not to injure Mr. Broom's growing chrysanthemums—for they had been warned of the danger *that* might cause to this generously-accorded privilege. But Mr. Kage thought they might have been contented with making half the noise, and felt inclined to stop his ears.

A crowded steamer—city men going homewards—passed up the Thames; one with not a dozen people on it steamed downwards. Some of the noisy infantile crew below rushed to the garden's edge and shouted cheers after both of them. In clattered the boy again, James; and his master, who had just opened the paper, turned round.

Mr. James, having lingered on the stairs and landing-places with an acquaintance or two, had been waylaid by the postman. Two letters for T. C. Carr Kage, Esq. On the whole, young Mr. James had reason to like the master he chiefly served, and did not very much grudge the going back into the rooms to deliver the letters.

But Mr. Kage's eye had been caught by something in the evening journal. He motioned to the table, and the boy left the letters on it.

It was a flaming paragraph, written in the true style of the newspaper-contributor, who seems to like to expend his energies equally in recording fashionable movements and unfashionable murders. *This* was of a "marriage in high life." George Canterbury, of the Rock, Chilling, to Caroline, only child of the late Captain Alfred Kage and of the Honorable Mrs. Kage, and grand-daughter of the late Right Honorable Augustus Lord Gunse.

There was an account of the lovely bride's charming attire, and of the state in which the happy pair departed for the Lakes, there to pass the honeymoon; but Thomas Kage read it not. After the first few words of announcement, telling the tale, he sat like a man turned into stone; the journal fallen from his hands, his white face lifted.

Very strange to say, not a syllable of the contemplated union had penetrated to London and Thomas Kage. And yet perhaps not so strange, if circumstances are taken into consideration. When Lydia Dunn went back from the Rock full of it, there lay on her heart a faint hope that even then some fortunate accident might happen to prevent the unseemly wedding; and for once her tongue was still. The Miss Canterburys, in writing to Sarah Annesley, felt ashamed to speak of it; time enough, they thought, when it should actually have taken place. Other people did not know of it; and Mrs. Kage had been cautiously silent throughout. Anyway, it came upon Thomas Kage this evening with a blow. At the first moment he believed it not.

But the account was too elaborate for anything but truth. Smoothing the newspaper, he read it again; all. So it was for Mr. Canterbury, the sexagenarian, he had been rejected! It was for the grandeur and riches of the Rock! Caroline's words—spoken in that last memorable interview—came surging back to him; of the carriages, the court-dresses, the jewels, the grandeur, the thousands and thousands a-year she must gain in marrying, or not marry at all. There could be no doubt that she had been thinking of Mr. Canterbury. The alliance must have been even then arranged. A cold damp moisture overspread his gray face; and he flung up his hands to cover it, shutting out the evening's bright light.

"God forgive her for her heartlessness, and me for my credulity! God help me to bear it!"

Ay! And none knew—none in this world—how much need of help he had; how he was shrinking under this decisive blow.

He could not have told afterwards how long he sat there. Had he been a woman he might have fallen on the ground in utter abandonment, and buried his face from even the very light of heaven. He only sat still as a statue; never moving, scarcely breathing, his head and eyelids alike drooping; looking just as though the blow had struck him physically as well as mentally.

When he roused himself it was with a shiver. The letters waiting on the table caught his eye. The one was from Aberton, concerning the business-matter he was engaged on; from the other, as he opened it, fell two cards, tied together with silver cord—which fashion was not obsolete in Chilling. No need to speculate whose names they bore; and the address was in the characterless, nearly illegible handwriting of Mrs. Kage. "Mr. Canterbury." "Mrs. Canterbury." Thomas Kage tore each card in two, and threw the pieces into his waste-paper basket.

Twilight was falling on the earth when he went out. The hum and the noise were no longer heard; the disorderly crew had dispersed, leaving their traces behind them. Numberless scraps of paper lay about; rags from dilapidated frocks; soles or tops of shoes. As Thomas Kage turned into the garden, a thought came across his mind, in the midst of its confusion, that if the power lay with him he would banish this untidy crew; but the next moment he remembered the boon it was to the poor things, and regretted the thought.

He wandered on by the path to the foot of the garden, and there sat down with his pain. The sunny daylight had turned into a gray evening; the air seemed heavy, the skies were lead-colored—all a type of his own bruised and weary heart.

The recollection of his last interview with his mother flashed into his mind. "Pain, toil, sorrow, whatever trouble may be deemed necessary for you—you will not

BRENNUS, KING OF THE VICTORIOUS GAULS, INSULTINGLY THROWS HIS SWORD INTO THE SCALE.

BRENNUS BEFORE ROME.

About two thousand three hundred years ago there stood, on the banks of a small stream, a poor town, half village, half camp, containing some few public buildings and a goodly number of thatched cottages, inhabited by a people remarkable alike for rigid virtue and invincible courage. This people, by the exercise of energy and valor, rendered their town the centre of Italian policy, and gradually extended its influence throughout the world. For its wealth and wisdom, its power and importance, its soldiers and senators, its arts and arms, that city attained its highest eminence; it became the mistress of the world, the metropolis of the whole earth, so that its imperishable monuments, which still excite universal attention, are not less remarkable than the great events which marked its rise and progress, its decline and fall. That poor obscure town contained all the elements of future greatness—it was Rome.

One day a strange excitement prevailed amongst the people. Rumor was busy, and the peasant soldiers were on the alert.

"The Gauls are approaching!" they cried. "The Gauls have engaged our army on the banks of the Trebia! The Gauls are within fifty stadii of our city!"

It is said that these Gauls were at that time as barbarous as their descendants are now civilized. They were neither generous nor capable of any noble sentiment, but relied exclusively on brute force. Brennus, their chief, had declared that "his right was the point of his sword, and that everything that he could conquer belonged to him." He was, in fact, an adherent of that old-fashioned policy—

"Those shall take who have the power,
And those shall keep who can!"

On the news of the approach of the Gauls, all the people fled from Rome, except a valiant body of young men who surrounded the Capitol, and eighty patricians, who remained silent and motionless on their ivory thrones in the Forum, passively awaiting the enemy, and death.

Struck with a mysterious awe at the silence of the city, which so well represented the sovereign majesty of Truth opposed to the noisy devastating power of brute force, the Gauls halted, and for three days hesitated to pass the gates. Having at last subdued these emotions, they rushed into the city and entered the Forum, where they massacred the aged men who had so calmly awaited their approach. They then laid siege to the Capitol. Whether the first assault was repulsed or not is uncertain, but historians are agreed that the Romans capitulated on the barbarians consenting to accept a ransom and depart from Rome. Payment was to be publicly made. Sulpitius, the tribune of the people, was entrusted with the settlement of the affair.

Our artist has pictured the singular scene which was presented on that occasion. The spot selected for the negotiation was between the camp of the Gauls and the walls of the Capitol, in the midst of unequivocal signs of the ferocity of the invaders—the unburied dead, and houses levelled with the ground. On one side we notice the Gauls, a tall, athletic race, with long fair locks; their dress consists of the skins of wild beasts, and they are armed with the strongest javelins and shields of copper. Their appearance is ferocious; and as they chaunt their war songs and shout defiance, clashing their shields together, the sound is terrible enough to make the stoutest heart tremble. Opposite the victorious Gauls are the humiliated Romans, still retaining much of their natural dignity, and affording in their appearance a forcible contrast to their savage foes. Between the two groups a gigantic balance is erected, for in those days money was weighed, not counted.

Suddenly Sulpitius utters an exclamation of surprise, declaring that the barbarians are using false weights. The Gauls raise a shout of vengeance; they threaten to reduce the city to ashes; Brennus, with a passionate gesture, draws his sword and throws it into the scale, crying:

"Woe to the vanquished!"

On hearing this menace, a noble Roman, Camillus by name, stands forward.

"Remove this balance!" cries he. "The Romans are used to ransom their cities with steel, not with gold."

All eyes are directed towards the audacious citizen; but there is something in his manly form, in his erect stature, his haughty bearing, his flashing eyes, which inspire those who are present with new courage. They applaud his words, they follow his counsel, they bear the money back into the Capitol, the war is renewed, and a few days afterwards the Gauls are defeated, and are finally driven out of Italy.

fail," Lady Kage had said. "You will bear up bravely, looking to the end." And his answer had been that he *would* bear: "Yes, God helping me."

A light in the leaden sky above drew his attention upwards. The thick clouds had parted, giving glimpse of a golden radiance; the young moon showed herself for a moment. It actually seemed a type to Thomas Kage, that the help he had wished for was surely there; always waiting for any moment when necessity should call for it. He thought, perhaps fancifully, that his mother might be looking down for him—as she herself had said in dying, she should do, and drawn her comfort from the imaginative picture. Did she see all his heart-sick pain? Could her influence, reminding him of his undertaking to struggle manfully, reach him here? He surely believed it might.

Bending his forehead in his hand, he thought and thought; making good resolves to bear up, and to strive from that moment to put from him resolutely all remembrance of the love that had formed his day-dream. Henceforth, *being helped*, he would be more energetic in all life's duties; bearing his cross in silence, looking not for reward here; and so forget that anything but working on patiently for the better end had ever been hoped for.

He rose up then, got out of the solitary garden, and bent his steps westward, disregarding cabs and omnibuses, and any other modes of conveyance that might present themselves. When the mind is racked with trouble walking is the most acceptable. His dinner might be waiting at home, but he could not eat it. Old Dorothy would only have it put away, and think business detained him.

In passing through Paradise-square, for he took the longest way home he could find, he saw Mrs. Dunn's carriage standing at her door. That lady, going abroad to some evening party, came swiftly out of her house at the same moment, the lappets of her jaunty widow's cap stirring gently behind her.

"Is it you, Mr. Kage? How are you?"

"Thank you," was all he answered. "Are you well?"

"As well as that disgraceful news from home will allow me to be," said Mrs. Dunn, tartly, drawing him a few steps farther up on the broad white pavement, that her servants, waiting with the carriage, might not hear the complaint. "Yes, Mr. Kage, I repeat the word deliberately—disgraceful."

"You allude to—"

"To my father's marriage," she interrupted, speaking what he had hesitated to do. "You have heard of it, of course?"

"Some cards came to me this afternoon."

"Cards!" wrathfully repeated Mrs. Dunn. "That woman, the mother, has had the face to send some to me. She'd better have sent a caricature of two fools' heads instead. How long have you known of it, Mr. Kage?"

"I never had the slightest suspicion that such an event was in contemplation."

"That it was possible, you might say. No; there has been craft at work, and the thing was kept quiet. My father was a fool, the women were rogues. I cannot help speaking my mind of them, although they are your relatives."

"Were you not made acquainted with it?"

"I found it out," said Mrs. Dunn. "When I went down home last June, I had not been many hours in the house before my suspicions were aroused. I saw the game Mrs. Kage and her daughter were playing; I saw that it must have been going on for some time. Every possible wile were they exercising to entrap my father."

"Surely not Caroline?" he interrupted. "It must have been solely her mother."

"Caroline was the worse of the two," answered plain-speaking Mrs. Dunn. "If her mother planned, she executed. I never saw a girl go more warily to work. I watched for some days, and made myself sure before I said a word. They little suspected I was looking on at the cards; and I saw the hands of both, and how they played them. Had Caroline Kage's heart been engaged in the contest—though even to say such a thing seems unpardonably absurd—had she been seeking to entrap the most desirable young fellow living, she could not have put forth her fascinations with more subtle skill."

"I could not have supposed her capable of it," he murmured.

"I daresay not;" and Mrs. Dunn's voice took a slightly sarcastic tone. "Some of them thought her an angel: perhaps you did."

A bright flush, visible enough had they been standing to face the gas-lamp at the corner, dyed his face, but he did not answer.

"She is a pretty child outwardly, while inwardly she is nearly as crafty as her mother; and that's saying a good deal," avowed Mrs. Dunn, continuing to pace the pavement in perfect independence of all gazers. "When I disclosed to my sisters the play I saw going on, they were petrified—once they could be got to believe it might be true. Nothing could be done, it was too late; during that very hour that I was speaking to them, my father proposed to the girl, and the wedding was fixed. I came away from the Rock, refusing the countenance to affairs that my presence there might tacitly have given. You, amidst others, no doubt wondered that my anticipated long visit there turned out so short a one."

"I remember," he murmured.

"I never opened my lips to a living soul. It was possible, I thought, that some fortunate accident might intervene to prevent the wedding; and I was, besides, too grieved to speak. My sisters said nothing in their letters, and I hoped it was done away with—that my father had come to his senses, or Caroline Kage to hers. When those miserable cards arrived to-day, 'Mr. and Mrs. Canterbury,' I wished I was near enough to fling them back in Mr. and Mrs. Canterbury's faces, and tell them what I thought."

Thomas Kage remembered where he had flung his.

"I shall tell it to Mrs. Kage some time, if I don't to them. One of these days she and I may be face to face again; and *I* am at liberty to speak, you know, Mr. Kage: having a home of my own, I feel free to do so, just as one might who is independent of the family. Yes, yes, Madam Kage; you no doubt think you have accomplished a great thing; but it may not turn out to be altogether for Miss Caroline's good."

"I should scarcely think it can," he said in a low tone, speaking the sentiments that kept beating upon his heart.

"Think!" retorted Mrs. Dunn. "No match, ever made in this world, was more incongruous. My father is turned sixty; she is not twenty—what can they expect?"

"Very true."

"Have you reflected on what it must be for my sisters?" whispered Mrs. Dunn, as they drew slowly towards the carriage; and for once her tone told of pain. "Olive has been mistress of the Rock for twelve years, and my father brings home a mistress to put over her head—a girl younger in years than Millicent. Do you know what I think, Mr. Kage?"

"No."

"I'll tell you, then; and, mind, some good instinct whispers me that I am right. When a girl can thrust herself in this unseemly manner between a father and his children's home, she may look out for punishment instead of happiness."

The carriage drove off, leaving him standing, Mrs. Dunn bowing her silent adieu from its window. It seemed to him that there were to be nothing but encounters that night; for as he turned into Paradise-terrace, not caring where he walked, he met Miss Annesley. The servant in attendance on her went forward to get Mrs. Annesley's door open.

"I have been spending an hour with Mrs. Garston," she explained. "Have you—have you heard the news from Chilling?"

He simply nodded in answer, his pale face turning itself a little from her.

"When Leta's letter reached me to-day, I sat thunderstruck. Oh, Mr. Kage, how unsuitable it is! Mrs. Garston has been laughing over it all the evening, and saying hard truths."

"Ay!"

"To me it seems an unholy marriage; a terrible thing."

"Does it?"

Does it! His lips could not frame a better answer; these last few minutes had been trying him to the very uttermost. Light flashed on Sarah Annesley. Had she never seen or suspected before, the strangely-wan countenance, the passively-constrained tone, might have told her the secret.

"Forgive me, oh forgive me, Mr. Kage!" she said in a flutter of agitation. "I—I did think you cared for her; I fancied it all that while back at Little Bay. Take comfort. If she knew it—and I am sure she did—she could not be worthy of you. All may be for the best."

Wringing his hand, she turned indoors, as if not caring to look at him after her avowal of knowledge. Thomas Kage walked on down the terrace, which was a long one. His sister, Mrs. Lowther, lived at the last house in it. A servant was standing at the open door.

"How are the children to-night?" he stopped to ask.

"Very ill, sir. There's a change for the worse in Master Fairfax, and Ann have just run round for Dr. Tyndal."

Thomas Kage turned in. The sitting-rooms were empty, and he went on up-stairs to the nursery. The children were ill with scarlatina; and Mr. Lowther was in Belgium, superintending the construction of a railroad. Walking about the room was the nurse, singing softly to the baby in her arms.

"Hush-sh-sh! he's all but off," cried she hastily, hearing some one enter, and supposing it to be one of her fellow-servants. "And I'm sure I don't want him woke up again, for I'm tired enough as it is."

"What is amiss, nurse?" he whispered.

The young woman turned round.

"Oh, sir, I beg your pardon. Master Fairfax is very ill to-night, sir; he's quite delirious, and my mistress is afraid. Not but what I think it may be only just the turn of the disorder, when it's sure to seem at its worst."

Some one pushed open an inner door, saw who was there, and came forward. It was Mrs. Lowther. She had a nice face, in spite of its plain features; it was a little care-worn, and she looked her full age, six-and-thirty. Her flaxen hair was put carelessly back; her gown, a black-and-white muslin, had plenty of creases in it; just now she was too busy helping to nurse her sick children to be particular about attire.

"I am sorry for this, Charlotte. One of them is worse, I hear."

"I think he is dying," she said in a weary, still tone. "It's Fairfax. But are you not afraid of being up here, Thomas? You may catch the fever."

"I afraid of catching a children's fever!" he lightly answered. "There's no fear. But I hope you are mistaken as to his danger. Where is he?"

Mrs. Lowther passed into the children's room. In one of the small beds lay a boy of ten. His gray eyes had a strange brightness in them; his cheeks were of a crimson hectic. Throwing his head about the bed, or quite still by turns; now he would seem to be falling into a doze, and now would wake up, rambling wildly.

"Poor little fellow!" exclaimed Thomas Kage.

Young Master Lowther was as mischievous a gentleman in ordinary as could be found within the precincts of west London. He lay disabled now. His mother stood looking on in tears.

"Do you know me, my boy?" gently asked Mr. Kage, taking the little hot hand. It was snatched away petulantly.

"You sha'n't do it, then, you fellows! I'm not Faxy; I tell you I'm not!"

He was rambling in brain amidst his schoolmates, with the great school grievance tormenting him. The boys had taken to call him "Faxy," which was particularly objectionable to Master Fairfax. The more he showed his dislike of it (speaking now of past reality), the more they had shouted it.

Thomas Kage bent his lips, with their soothing tones, close to the troubled, restless ear.

"It is Fairfax—Fairfax. There! Fairfax."

"I am sure he is dying, Thomas," spoke Mrs. Lowther. "And Robert abroad!"

He took her by the hand and made her sit down, and waited a minute while she gave way to her tears. The boy was quiet again.

"Charlotte, you are very tired."

"Very—very. It is two nights since I was in bed."

"And, being so tired, your spirits are naturally depressed, so that things wear their worst aspect to you," he calmly resumed. "I have had some experience in illness, and do not think he is in the danger you imagine. Children seem dying one minute, and are running about the next."

"He is very ill, Thomas; there cannot be a question of that. It is Robert's being away that makes me more fearful. I shall telegraph for him as soon as the doctor has been."

"What have you taken to-day?" he asked, seeing how exhausted she appeared.

"Some tea."

"Tea! Nothing better than tea?"

"With all the children ill, except baby, and Fairfax lying like this, how can I get time to take regular meals? I've had some toast-and-butter with the tea."

"It is the very time when you ought to be cautious to keep up, so far as may be, your strength, Charlotte. If mother were here still, she would tell you so."

Mrs. Lowther burst into a flood of tears. Overcome with fatigue, fear, anxiety, and no doubt want of sustenance, a word was sufficient to try her.

"Oh, Thomas, don't make me more unhappy by recalling *her*. If she were but here still, I should have something to lean on."

He went down stairs, saying nothing; found some sherry, got an egg beaten up in it, and carried it back to her. Charlotte took it, and gazed at him through her blinding tears.

"You put me more and more in mind of her every day, Thomas. Not in looks—they say, you know, that you are more like our dead father, whom you cannot remember, and I only slightly—but in thoughtful care for others."

Dr. Tyndal came in as Charlotte was speaking. She drank down her pleasant dose at a draught, and stood with her brother and the physician round the boy's bed. Fairfax was rambling again.

The doctor said very little, except that he hoped and thought the lad would be better in the morning. He suggested one or two slight remedies, and gave him, with his own hands, a teaspoonful of the medicine. Mrs. Lowther intimated that she was about to telegraph to Belgium for her husband.

"You will go to the office and send the message for me, won't you, Thomas?" she said.

Mr. Kage nodded his head in the affirmative, and went down stairs with the man of medicine.

"*Don't* telegraph!" cried the doctor emphatically, drawing Thomas Kage into a room only lighted by the street-lamps. "Poor Lowther is up to the eyes in work, over there; he won't thank even his wife for disturbing him needlessly. Before to-morrow morning there'll be a change of some sort: if, as I believe, the boy shall then be out of danger, there'll be no need of him; if it's the other change, time enough to summon him then."

"It is your true opinion—that the boy will get over it?"

"It is. A great deal depends upon the care and nursing he gets for the next twelve hours. His mother and the nurse are three-parts worn out."

"I intend to sit up with him."

"All right. You heard my directions?"

"Distinctly. I understand."

The doctor departed, and Thomas Kage went up again. He told Charlotte what he intended to do—sit up with the boy, and, if God so willed, bring him through it. But for her distress, she would have laughed at the idea of his turning nurse.

He carried his point, however. Charlotte and the tired maid lay down to get the needed rest, and Thomas Kage took charge of the patient.

He had leisure to *think* in that long night-watch. Not at first; all his attention and care were needed for hours. At four o'clock in the morning the lad fell asleep, and Thomas knew he was saved; and that the need for sending for Mr. Lowther was over. As he sat back in the easy-chair afterwards, still as a mouse, a gleam of sunshine came in to illumine his heart. Every hope of happiness for himself seemed over; but life might yet have pleasant work for him in unselfishly helping his fellow-wayfarers.

"And that, after all, must be the true way to attain to the End," mused Thomas Kage. "Only through tribulation can we forget self, and enter on its track. I am glad I came in here." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEP'R 25, 1869.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) **$2.50**; Two copies **$4.00**; Four copies **$8.00**; Five copies (and one extra) **$8.00**; Eight copies (and one gratis) **$12.00**. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, **$4.00**. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of six cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 30 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $60—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 23 Machine, price $55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND.

Samples of THE POST will be sent for 5 cents—of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

BACK NUMBERS.

We can still supply the back numbers of THE POST to May 29th, containing the early portions of "THE LAST OF THE INCAS," by Gustave Aimard. Also a large variety of short stories, miscellaneous articles, &c.

George Canterbury's Will;

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "EAST LYNNE," "ROLAND YORKE," "THE RED-COURT FARM," &c.

In THE POST for July 24th, we commenced a new Serial with the above title, by our gifted contributor, Mrs. Henry Wood.

This will be an excellent opportunity to commence subscriptions to THE POST. We shall print an extra edition of the early numbers of this story—but those who wish it would do well to apply as soon as possible.

NOTICE.

To enable our new subscribers to go on with the fine story of "George Canterbury's Will," we shall give in our next number a brief summary of the story thus far. New subscribers wishing to begin with the paper of October 2, should send in their names and money as early as possible.

CLUBS.—Those who design raising Clubs for THE POST for the ensuing year, should go to work at once, before the ground is crowded with canvassers for other periodicals. The inducements we offer are so great, that there probably will be very little difficulty in filling up the lists. The subscriptions should be sent on as soon as obtained, (even when the lists, if large, are not full) in order that the forwarding of the paper may not be delayed.

LIFE INSURANCE.

The failure of the Royal Albert Life Insurance Company recently, caused great excitement in England. It had about 23,000 policy holders! Great doubt is felt as to the condition of a large proportion of Life Insurance Companies both in England and America. A stringent legal examination into the condition of all these Companies, and the enactment of laws which shall provide for the safety of policy-holders, are imperatively demanded by the best interests of the community, as well as of all solvent companies. For doubt as to the ultimate payment of the policies, will soon overthrow the whole system.

ITALIAN PAINTING.—The correspondent who wishes a receipt for Italian painting, or painting on glass, is informed that the Lady's Friend for June, 1868, contains full directions.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE LADY'S FRIEND, for October. Many of our readers will remember the beautiful ballad of "Jeanie Morrison:"

"I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
I've borne a weary lot,
But in my wanderings, far or near,
Ye never were forgot.
The fount that first burst frae this heart,
Still travels on its way:
And channels deeper as it runs,
The luve of life's young day."

Well, the beautiful steel engraving of this number of the "Queen of the Monthlies," illustrates Motherwell's touching ballad. This is followed by the usual large and handsome colored fashion plate—and by numerous other plates of the fashions—Country Toilet, Walking Costume and Riding Habit, Numide Collar, Bodices, &c. The Music of this number is the popular song, "What Need have I the truth to Tell?" Among the excellent literary matter, we note "The Prize of Two Men's Lives," by Amanda M. Douglas; "Roland Yorke," by Mrs. Henry Wood; "Miss Stanley's Parish," by Frances Lee; "Between Two," by Elizabeth Prescott; &c., &c. The publishers offer great inducements to new subscribers, and we recommend our readers to inclose ten cents for a sample copy, to Deacon & Peterson, 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia. Price $2.50 a year (which also includes a large steel engraving.) Four copies, $6. Five copies (and one gratis,) $8. "The Lady's Friend" and "The Saturday Evening Post" (and *one* engraving,) $4.00. Specimen numbers sent for ten cents.

THE HISTORY AND PHILOSOPHY OF MARRIAGE; OR, POLYGAMY AND MONOGAMY COMPARED. By a Christian Philanthropist. This is one of the strange things of this strange time—a book, written by a man of considerable ability and learning, a large experience of life, and evident sincerity, in favor of Polygamy as a means of doing away many of the evils which at present afflict society—forced celibacy on the part of thousands of women, the social evil, &c. Published by James Campbell, Boston.

DREAM NUMBERS. A Domestic Novel. By T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE, author of "Gemma," "Beppo," &c. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

A PHILOSOPHY OF HEAVEN AND EARTH, AND THE MILLENNIUM. By JAMES A. SPURLOCK, a Member of the Missouri Bar. Published by W. J. Gilbert, St. Louis, Mo.; and for sale by the Central News Company, 505 Chestnut street, Philada.

ELEMENTS OF THE GREEK LANGUAGE: Taken from the Greek Grammar of JAMES HADLEY, Professor in Yale College. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by D. Ashmead, Philada.

NEW YORK ILLUSTRATED. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by D. Ashmead, Philada.

FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION. Proceedings of the First Annual Meeting of the Free Religious Association, held in Boston, May 28 and 29, 1868. Published by Adams & Co., Boston.

THE GALAXY, for October. Published by Sheldon & Co., New York.

APPLETON'S RAILWAY GUIDE, for September. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE, for October. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW AND AMERICAN BUILDER'S JOURNAL, for September. Published by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

PETERS'S MUSICAL MONTHLY, for September. Published by J. L. Peters, New York.

GOOD HEALTH, for September. Published by Alex. Moore, Boston.

THE OLD GUARD, for August. Published by Van Evrie, Horton & Co., New York.

MANIFEST DESTINY. By SOSIOSCH. Part 1. Published for the Author by Craft & Axford, New York.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW, for July. Published by the Leonard Scott Company, New York.

THE SEVEN CURSES OF LONDON. By JAMES GREENWOOD. Published by Fields, Osgood & Co., Boston.

THE CHICAGO MEDICAL TIMES. R. A. GUNN, M. D., Editor. Published by Barnet & Hanna, Chicago. This magazine contains the report of the Edinburgh Committee of the British Medical Association, proving by many experiments on dogs, that Mercury has no appreciable effect in promoting evacuations of the bile, and is therefore not only entirely useless, but of course injurious, in bilious diseases.

☞ The Grand Lodge of Good Templars of Illinois has endorsed the action of the National Temperance Convention, favoring the organization of a third political party on the principle of prohibition.

A Fair Bargain.

Dr. B. had been unanimously called to preach once a week to a certain society, and had accepted the call; but, as usual, nothing had yet been said about the salary, or the time of his monthly visit; and to arrange these matters he attended the next business meeting of the body.

When the meeting had organized, a prominent member of the church arose, and after congratulating the brethren on having secured the valuable services of Dr. B., proceeded to say that, as his pay would necessarily be small, it ought at least to be paid regularly, and that the church should now pledge him some definite amount. He acknowledged that it was something of an innovation, but gave several good reasons why it should be done, and resumed his seat.

Another brother then took the floor, who, after surpassing the first in his compliments to Dr. B., recurred to the subject of salary. For his part, he said, he could not see the necessity nor the propriety of paying the brother his salary in this methodical way. He thought it better that the whole matter should be left open, perfectly open. He thought it would answer to pay the money whenever it should happen to be in the treasury; that it was unnecessary to say now when the payments would be made, or to pay the same amount every time. Some months the brother would be paid much, some little, and some nothing, perhaps; but he thought this way had a less sordid and worldly appearance, and he did not doubt that in the long run the pastor would receive more by this method than any other.

This talk struck the brethren present so favorably that, after a little vacillation, they adopted the views of the speaker unanimously.

The next business in order was the choice of a Sabbath on which to have preaching, and this they agreed to submit entirely to the convenience of their pastor. Dr. B., who had been an attentive listener to the whole of the debate concerning his salary, now arose to state on what Sabbath in the month he proposed to visit them.

After expressing great love for his new charge, and an ardent desire to be useful to them, he remarked that as to the day on which he should preach to them he deemed it unnecessary to speak very definitely.

Some months he would come on the first Sabbath, some on the second, some on a week day, and some not at all. There was no use in having cast-iron rules about a matter of that kind; it was inconvenient, and, he thought, unprofitable. They had proposed to leave the matter open as regarded his salary, to which he had no objection; and, for his part, he really thought it best to leave it open at both ends—entirely open. Having thus amazed and horrified his audience, he sat down.

The speech wounded the feelings of the brethren beyond measure. They sat still for some time, overcome with pique and mortification. But at last they acknowledged the corn, and agreed to pay the doctor one hundred dollars per annum, and he agreed to preach every second Sabbath; and good feeling was restored.

The Crocodile.

Few creatures are so sly and wary as the crocodile. I watch them continually as they attack the dense flocks of small birds that throng the bushes at the water's edge. These birds are perfectly aware of the danger, and they fly from the attack if possible. The crocodile then quietly and innocently lies on the surface, as if it had appeared quite by accident; it thus attracts the attention of the birds, and it slowly sails away to a considerable distance exposed to their view. The birds, thus beguiled by their deceiver, believe that the danger is removed, and they again flock to the bushes, and once more dip their thirsty beaks into the stream. Thus absorbed in slaking their thirst, they do not observe that their enemy is no longer on the surface. A sudden splash, followed by a huge pair of jaws beneath the bush, which engulf some dozen victims, is the signal unexpectedly given of the crocodile's return, having thus slyly dived and hastened under cover of water to his victims. I have seen the crocodiles repeat this manœuvre constantly; they deceive by a feigned retreat, and attack from below. In like manner the crocodile perceives, while floating on the surface in midstream, or on the opposite side of the river, a woman filling her girba, or an animal drinking, etc. Sinking immediately, it swims perhaps a hundred yards nearer; and, again appearing for an instant on the surface, it assures itself by a stealthy look; once more it sinks, and reaches the exact spot above which the person or animal may be. Seeing distinctly through the water, it generally makes its fatal rush from beneath—sometimes seizing with its jaw, and at other times striking the object into the water with its tail, after which it is seized and carried off.

RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.—In alluding to the demand for a revision of the law, in England, in reference to compensation to passengers injured by railway accidents, the London Economist suggests the expediency of amending the statutes on this subject, so as to levy fines on the railway companies whenever any collision takes place through the default of the officers.

We recommend the idea to American legislators—only the fines should be levied on the officers of the roads, by a graduated scale, from the President down, instead of on the Companies. The officers could easily pay it out of their various pluckings from the Companies, in the shape of Commissions, Express Companies, Sleeping and Silver Palace Cars, &c. Every one may observe that no matter how poor a railroad may be, its leading officers all get rich.

☞ Paper petticoats having come into fashion, the following advertisement thereof appears in England: "Madame Percale begs leave to call the attention of ladies about to visit the seaside to her new and richly embroidered paper petticoats at one shilling each. Each petticoat contains an instalment of a new novel of great domestic interest, by Anthony Trollope, entitled 'Tucks or Frills.' The story will be complete in fifty weekly petticoats."

☞ REORGANIZATION.—Not long ago in one of our large departments a junior clerk was mourning over the probability of injured prospects arising from a proposed reorganization of the establishment, when he received this consolation from a senior:—"My young friend," said the aged clerk, "I have carefully studied the records of this office, and find that during the last century it has been reorganized on an average once in every five years, and is now in precisely the same condition as it was a hundred years ago."

BYRON.

Another Revelation—The Cause of the Separation Said to be a Prior Marriage—A Son of Lord Byron Living.

From the St. Joseph (Mo.) Herald, September 7.

While at Barnum's Hotel, in St. Louis, in the fall of the year 1861, we were attracted by the name of "Major George Gordon De Luna Byron" entered upon the register. After some inquiry the Major was pointed out to us, dressed in the uniform of a Federal officer. He was a man advanced in years, but erect and vigorous, with close curling auburn hair, tinged with gray; prominent nose, clear gray eyes, and a general resemblance to Lord Byron, sufficient to arrest the attention of any one familiar with the portrait of the poet. On investigation we learned that he was one of the many foreign officers who had joined Fremont on his taking command of the Western Department. An introduction and an intimacy followed which is among the most pleasing of our past recollections. His familiarity with the contemporaries of Lord Byron and general acquaintance with English literature was extraordinary. Knowing that no one entitled to the name of Byron was then alive, we forbore to press him as to his family, but we were informed by him that he was born in Spain and educated in England, where he had relatives. He was formerly a major in the East India service. Going to England from Spain, he presented his claim, under the circumstances of his birth, to the representatives of the Byron family, who, to save the embarrassment that might ensue from the prosecution of his intentions, procured him a pension and he went to India, where he was made a major of native troops, and was thus not entitle to the register of his name on the rolls of the British army. Upon the subject of Lord Byron he was enthusiastic, familiar with many passages of his life not generally known, and conversant both with his works and the occasions which brought them forth. He exhibited to us many relics of Byron, manuscripts and otherwise. He professed to have been present at the destruction of Byron's journal, which, he said, contained allusions to the causes of his separation from Lady Byron—which, according to his account, were as follows: During Byron's first visit to Spain, he met, loved, and *married* a Catholic lady of good Spanish family. The marriage was secret, upon the pledge that it should be revealed upon his return to England. The first Grecian beauty that he met on his arrival in Greece made him unfaithful to his Spanish bride. Absence and forgetfulness followed, and after his return to England he declared his intention of disavowing a marriage, void at that time, both under the existing penal laws of England and the laws of Spain. The marriage was kept secret by the deserted wife, whom pride would not allow to prosecute an unavailing suit. Of this marriage a *son* was born. Our information states that Lady Byron, aware of her husband's many infidelities, *insanely jealous of his sister*, in an unfortunate hour discovered a portion of the correspondence with his Spanish wife. She then determined to leave him forever, burying in her own bosom the secret which, if revealed, would make her morally, if not legally, his paramour. Though Major Byron never claimed to be the son born in Spain, from other conclusive evidence we were convinced of the fact. His recital made a deep impression on us, revived by the occasion of this article. The student of Byron will find in his letters and poems many corroborating proofs. His poem addressed to his son, on page 561 of the edition of Oliver S. Felt, 36 Walker street, New York, which Moore declared inexplicable, can be thus solved, as also the lock of hair he sent to his mother at Seville, received "from a woman of character whom he loved." Major Byron was married to an English lady, who bore him one child, a daughter, both of whom accompanied him to this country, and with whom he lived, after leaving St. Louis, at the corner of Thirty-fourth street and Sixth avenue, New York. He was possessed of a number of mementoes of Lord Byron, several early engraved portraits of the poet, now out of print, locks of hair, specimens of manuscript, with many memoranda of his own visits to localities celebrated in Byron's poetry and the place of his death. He had commenced a lengthy history of the Byron family, three volumes of which were printed and seen by the writer of this, though the history was only brought down to the time of the poet's grandfather, and the publisher failing about this time the prosecution of the work was suspended. Soon after this he came to America. Besides his remarkable facial resemblance to Lord Byron, he was not unlike him in many other respects. That which we would enforce in this article, however, is not so much a history of this scion of the great poet as the prominence of his statement that Lady Byron was extremely jealous of her husband, that passion even extending to Byron's half sister, Mrs. Leigh, and also to another, the most prominent feature of this revelation. It is well established, independent of Mrs. Stowe's statement, that, previous to her separation, Lady Byron wrote to Dr. Lushington asking advice in regard to it. Dr. Lushington advised against it; but subsequently, it is stated, after an interview with Lady Byron, the doctor advised her to the step which she adopted, which was a separation. This advice was based on a secret revelation made by Lady Byron. Now, while Mrs. Stowe contends, indirectly, that this revelation was the substance of the revolting story she has told, we think Major Byron's revelations plainly indicate that it was the fact of Byron's previous marriage. At any rate, it is most probable that so intelligent a man as Major Byron showed himself to be, and searching as he was for any and every fact connected with the great poet's history, would have known something of the secret motive of Lady Byron's separation, had it been founded in so monstrous an accusation as Mrs. Stowe imputes to Lady Byron.

☞ A British officer committed an offence in the Crimean war punishable by death, but being influential, had that penalty commuted to perpetual reduction to half-pay, and to have his sword rivetted to the scabbard. He is now on duty in Halifax. His position requires him on public occasions to be in close attendance upon the Governor, and this brings him conspicuously forward. At the reception of the Prince, as the latter with his suite stepped upon the platform prepared for him, upon which were standing the Governor and other dignitaries, all the officers saluted with the sword, the single exception being this attendant upon the Governor, who, with his sword by his side, was yet compelled to salute with his hand.

☞ A citizen of Black Hawk, Iowa, has become insane, from excessive smoking.

Spectrum Analysis.

"Beyond all comparison, the most brilliant and startling conquest which the human mind has yet made over the domain of Nature, consists in that group of discoveries which is described by the term *Spectrum Analysis*. It provokes amazement in every aspect. In the first place, the developments have been made with a rapidity that is almost astounding; the whole thing has been done in ten years. Dr. Wollaston discovered, in the year 1802, that, by looking carefully at the solar spectrum with a spy-glass, dark lines could be seen crossing it. In 1815, Fraunhofer, a German optician, rediscovered and made a map of several hundreds of them, and from that time they were called, after him, *Fraunhofer's lines*. But few supposed that there was the slightest possible significance in them; they were regarded as mere optical curiosities, having no higher use than to serve as landmarks for measuring the spaces of the colored spectrum. But, in 1859, the two German chemists Kirchoff and Bunsen made the capital discovery that each chemical element, when burning in a flame, gave out a light that had its peculiar marks or lines, so that these lines could become a means of detecting the element. A totally new mode of chemical analysis was thus hit upon, far more delicate than anything hitherto known, and a method, moreover, which was capable of becoming a *revelator of the constitution of the universe*. Chemistry, at a single stroke, was fused with astronomy, and the universal agent of light became the powerful servant of the laboratory.

"At the very first step, several new elements were discovered, the existence of which had never before been suspected. Examining with the spectrum the ash of some mineral waters, Prof. Bunsen thought he saw some lines which did not belong to substances already known. He then boiled down forty-four tons of Durkheim spring-water, and got a couple of hundred grains of residue, from which he extracted two new metals, Cæsium and Rubidium, which resemble potassium. This rubidium has been since found in the ash of oak, of beet-root, of tobacco, coffee, tea, and cocoa.

"The spectrum analysis, however, is not a mere instrument of original chemical research; it has a 'practical' applicability. The 'Bessemer process,' as it is called, is a method of converting cast iron directly into steel. Cast iron contains more carbon than steel, and it is converted into steel by burning this carbon out of the molten white-hot mass by a blast of atmospheric air. In this operation five tons of cast iron are converted in twenty minutes into five tons of cast steel. But the success of the process depends upon being able to stop it at just the right time. If continued ten seconds too long, or stopped ten seconds too quickly, the batch is spoiled. The flame, of course, is an index of the advance of the combustion, and, by watching it with the spectroscope, the appearance and disappearance of the lines indicate the exact moment at which the operation is to be arrested.

"The spectroscope promises also to become a very valuable instrument in medico-legal investigations into the evidences of criminality. Blood-stains may be detected by it with extreme delicacy. Mr. Sorby has shown that the one-thousandth part of a grain of the red-coloring matter of a blood-stain may be detected with the greatest certainty.

"But it is in its celestial applications that the spectroscope has performed its most wonderful achievements. The constitution of the sun, for example, which, ten years ago, was a matter of the purest conjecture, is now a matter of definite and positive knowledge. We know what it is composed of—its chemical constituents—not as completely, but with the same certainty, as we know the chemical constitution of the earth. Sixteen of the elements, with which we are familiar upon earth, are proved also to exist in the atmo-phere of the sun. They are the following: sodium, calcium, barium, magnesium, iron, chromium, nickel, copper, zinc, strontium, cadmium, cobalt, hydrogen, manganese, aluminum, titanium.

"The stars have been also subjected to spectroscopic study with equal success. They are shown to resemble our sun, their light coming from white-hot matter in their atmospheres. About eighty lines in the spectrum of the light from Aldebaran have been mapped, and it has been ascertained that the atmosphere of this star contains sodium, magnesium, hydrogen, bismuth, tellurium, antimony, and mercury. Sirius contains sodium, magnesium, iron, and hydrogen. About sixty other stars have been examined, and all seem to have some chemical element known on earth."—*Appletons' Jour.*

JAMES T. BRADY, who died in New York last winter, was very fond of the ready natural wit of his countrymen. One day speaking of this to a friend, he said—"I'll just show you a sample. I'll speak to any of these men at work, and you'll see that I will get my answer." Stepping up to the men who were at work on a cellar near by, he spoke to them cheerfully, "Good day; good day to you, boys. That looks like hard work for you." "Faix an' it is," was the reply, "or we wouldn't be havin' the doin' of it." Pleased with this, he asked the man what part of Ireland he came from. "Ah," said Brady, on hearing the name, "I came from that region myself." "Yeah," said the man, with another blow of his pick, "there was many nice people in that place—but I never heard that any of them left it!"

☞ General Butler reviews Mrs. Stowe's article on Byron, applying the rules of legal evidence, and comes to the conclusion that the charge is not sustained by the evidence.

☞ One woman has drank so much iron-water at Saratoga this season, that there is a crow-bar growing out behind her left ear.

☞ A calculation has been made by a late accurate philologist, that there are 13,000 words in common use in England which do not appear in any dictionary of the language.

☞ "Ah, mum," said a beggar to a lady who had just given him a dollar, "if it had not been for this, I'd been driven to somethin' desprit—somethin' I've long feared I'd come to at last." "What's that, poor man?" "To work, mum," responded the unhappy man, with a melancholy shake of the head. [Will the ladies please remember this, when able-bodied beggars come along?]

☞ Mrs. Stanton, at a recent woman's meeting in New York, defended Mrs. Stowe; she also said she had been studying up Job's wife lately, and found her really a remarkable woman.

☞ A person of experience crystalizes the wisdom he has acquired in the following sentence:—"Courtship is bliss, but matrimony is blister."

Subterranean Railways.

The Connecticut Courant has a very capable European correspondent, who gives the readers of that paper the following description of railroad travel under the crowded thoroughfares of London:

Go with me—it won't cost you anything—to one of the stations. They are above ground. We mention our destination and purchase a ticket, paying about a penny a mile. We descend two or three flights of stairs, as the case may be, and find ourselves in a roomy, under-ground station, well lighted with gas. There are several tracks, sometimes two or three sets of tracks, for more than one roadway has this for a station. A train, with a low engine, whizzes in out of the dark tunnel, drawing a long train of carriages full of people. There is hasty getting in and out, calling of the guard, banging of doors, and the train is off into the darkness again. It is not our train, but one going the other way. We have not long to wait; trains every three minutes. Here it comes, gliding smoothly in. We take our seats in a comfortable car, lighted with gas, in which people sit reading newspapers; the guard calls the station, the doors bang, and we are off. What a roar! Little chance for talking. There is no complaint about the air. It seems not specially damp or at all bad, and with only the very slightest smell of coal smoke—so slight that it is not worth mentioning. On we rush for three minutes, and then glide into another lighted station. Our ticket says, "Change at Baker street." We get out. Where are we? Where shall we go? The guard points up the stairway; he has only time for a gesture. A train is coming in; a train is going out; people are streaming in and out. We ascend a stairway, gas lighted, go along a winding passage, ascend more, descend, turn, go down, and here is another station, and people waiting for the train. Where the polar star is, or the sun, or which way we shall go to get out of London, we have no idea. But the guard tells us, and we are off again. There, in the mouth of the tunnel where we last started, the track of another road crosses ours on the same level. As we run we are sometimes over another road, sometimes under one; there is one running parallel with us for a little distance, at the same level, and another also parallel, but below our level. We pass one, two, three stations, and here is the end of our journey and of the road. We go up flights of stairs and come out into the sunshine, finding that it is not such a bad day after all, now we have got out of the city.

The Age of our Earth.

Among the astounding discoveries of modern science, is that of the immense periods that have passed in the gradual formation of the earth. So vast were the cycles of the time preceding even the appearance of man on the surface of our globe, that our own period seems as yesterday when compared with the epochs that have gone before it. Had we only the evidence of the deposits of rocks heaped upon each other in regular strata by the slow accumulation of materials, they alone would convince us of the long and slow maturing of God's works on earth; but when we add to these the successive populations of whose life this world has been the theatre, and whose remains are hidden in the rocks into which the mud, or sand, or soil of whatever kind, on which they lived, has hardened in the course of time—or the enormous chains of mountains whose upheaval divided these periods of quiet accumulation by great convulsions—or the changes of a different nature in the configurations of our globe, as the sinking of lands beneath the ocean, or the gradual rising of continents and islands above—or the slow growth of the coral reefs, those wonderful sea-walks, raised by the little ocean architects, whose own bodies furnish both the building stones and the cement that binds them together, and who have worked so busily during the long centuries that there are extensive countries, mountain chains, islands, and long lines of coast, consisting solely of their remains—or the countless forests that have grown up, flourished and decayed, to fill the storehouses of coal that feed the fires of the human race—if we consider all these records of the past, the intellect fails to grasp a chronology of which our experience furnishes no data, and time that lies behind us seems as much an eternity to our conception, as the future that stretches indefinitely before us.—*Agassiz.*

CO-OPERATIVE HOUSEKEEPING.—The Springfield Republican says:—

"Mrs. Peirce is making progress with her plan of co-operative housekeeping in Cambridge, though not so fast as she could wish. About thirty persons have subscribed $100 each, and a few others have subscribed the smaller sums required for the laundry alone. It is doubtful if the rest of the money necessary will be subscribed in season to open the establishment before winter. There is some complaint that the men folks are not quick to concur in the project, and, on the other hand, it is said that Mrs. Peirce is attempting too much at once. A similar scheme is on foot in Medford, and reported to be nearer success than the Cambridge plan."

A LITTLE episode occured at the Chicago Museum one evening, lately, which was not in the bill. The play was "The Streets of New York," and as the curtain rolled up for the second act, Miss Josie Booth (Alida Bloodgood) suddenly found herself ascending likewise. Her long trailing dress had by some means become fastened about the roller, and was being rolled up as fast as the curtain. Miss Booth, the actors, and the audience gave the alarm in a most emphatic manner, and fortunately the man at the wheel took heed in time to avert a serious calamity. The fair Alida was considerably unnerved by the accident, and nearly fainted.

☞ The other day a lady in Carroll county, Georgia, gave birth to twins. On the same day and in the same house, two of her daughters brought forth twins—all boys. They must have had a *boysterous* time in that mansion.

☞ John Kalb resides at Newark; he married; Mrs. K. was beautiful; her nose particularly so; but John deserted her; he discovered her nose was an artificial article of sheepskin.

☞ It is gratifying to know that the "Old Elm" on Boston Common survived last week's gale. This elm is the very centre of the Hub, and, according to a placard upon it, "is supposed to have stood for an unknown period."

☞ An iron kettle has been found imbedded in a Kentucky coal bed, twenty-six feet beneath the surface, from which it is inferred that the ancient Americans used kettles.

A Legend.

The favorite of a Sultan threw a stone at a poor Dervise, who had requested alms. The insulted Santon dare not complain, but carefully searched and preserved the pebble, promising himself he should find an opportunity, sooner or later, to throw it, in his turn, at the imperious and pitiless wretch. Some time after he was told that the favorite was disgraced, and, by order of the Sultan, led through the streets on a camel, exposed to the insults of the populace. On hearing this, he ran to fetch his pebble, but after a moment's reflection, cast it into a well. "I now perceive," said he, "that we ought never to seek revenge when our enemy is powerful, for then it is imprudent; nor when he is involved in calamity, for then it is mean and cruel."

R. R. R.

Radway's Ready Relief

Cures the Worst Pains in from One to Twenty Minutes.

NOT ONE HOUR

After reading this advertisement need any one

SUFFER WITH PAIN.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is a cure for every pain.

It was the first, and is

THE ONLY PAIN REMEDY

That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammations and cures congestions, whether of the lungs, stomach, bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application,

In from One to Twenty Minutes,

No matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the *RHEUMATIC*, bed-ridden, infirm, crippled, nervous, neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer,

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

WILL AFFORD INSTANT RELIEF.

INFLAMMATION OF THE KIDNEYS,
INFLAMMATION OF THE BLADDER,
INFLAMMATION OF THE BOWELS,
CONGESTION OF THE LUNGS,
SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING,
PALPITATION OF THE HEART,
HYSTERICS, CROUP, DIPTHERIA,
CATARRH, INFLUENZA,
HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE,
NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM,
COLD CHILLS, AGUE CHILLS.

The application of the **Ready Relief** to the part or parts, where the pain or difficulty exists, will afford ease and comfort.

Twenty drops in a half tumbler of water will, in a few minutes, cure CRAMPS, SPASMS, SOUR STOMACH, HEARTBURN, SICK HEADACHE, DIARRHEA, DYSENTERY, COLIC, WIND IN THE BOWELS, and all INTERNAL PAINS.

Travellers should always carry a bottle of **Radway's Relief** with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French brandy or bitters as a stimulant.

FEVER AND AGUE.

Fever and Ague cured for fifty cents. There is not a remedial agent in this world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other malarious, bilious, scarlet, typhoid, yellow, and other fevers (aided by *RADWAY'S PILLS*), so quick as *RADWAY'S READY RELIEF*. Fifty cents per bottle.

Dr. Radway's Perfect Purgative Pills, Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure. Price 25 cents per box.

Read FALSE AND TRUE. Send one letter stamp to Radway & Co., No. 87 Maiden Lane, New York. Information worth thousands will be sent you.

Sold by Druggists. aug7-tf

☞ It is a very prevalent opinion that tropical countries far surpass temperate countries in the abundance and brilliancy of the flowers, and in the magnificent appearance of hundreds of forest-trees covered with masses of colored blossoms. On this subject, Mr. Wallace (than whom few have had better means of judging) says: "My whole experience in the equatorial regions of the West and the East has convinced me that, in the most luxuriant parts of the tropics, flowers are less abundant, on the average less showy, and are far less effective in adding color to the landscape, than in temperate climates." The erroneous view has arisen, he thinks, from our gathering together in close proximity in our hot-houses the finest flowering plants, which in nature are found widely apart.

To Owners of Horses and Cattle.

TOBIAS' DERBY CONDITION POWDERS are warranted superior to any others, or its pay, for the cure of Distemper, Worms, Bots, Coughs, Hide-bound, Colds, &c., in Horses; and Colds, Coughs, Loss of Milk, Black Tongue, Horn Distemper, &c., in Cattle. They are perfectly safe and innocent; no need of stopping the working of your animals. They increase the appetite, give a fine coat, cleanse the stomach and urinary organs; also increase the milk of cows. Try them and you will never be without them. The late Hiram Woodruff, celebrated trainer of trotting horses, used them for years. Col. Philo. P. Bush, of the Jerome Race Course, Fordham, N. Y., would not use them until he was told of what they are composed, since which he is never without them. He has over twenty running horses in his charge, and for the last three years has used no other medicine for them. He has kindly permitted me to refer any one to him. Over 1000 other references can be seen at the depot.

Sold by druggists and saddlers. Price, 25 cts. per box. Depot, 10 Park Place, New York. sept-4t

HALF TIME SCHOOLS have recently been established by the school committees of several manufacturing towns in Massachusetts. This plan, it is asserted, advances the pupils more rapidly and thoroughly than the common all-day schools. In the mills it has been ascertained that such pupils do better work, and earn more money than they would by being in the factory all day. The children and their parents at first were afraid of the scheme, but as a proof of the popularity of the plan, it is asserted that the average daily attendance in the half time schools is 97 per cent. So high an average being unknown in the common day schools.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.—The free use of this wonderful ointment removes every pimple and blotch from the skin, imparting a beautiful soft velvet appearance to the neck and cheeks.

☞ The New York Times says the reward of public men in this country is "to be abused when living and praised when dead," citing the obituaries on Senator Fessenden as an example.

IMPORTANT to Soldiers, Sailors, Marines, their parents, widows, orphans to call on or write to R. S. League & Co., No. 125 South 7th st., Philadelphia. sept-1y

A Generation.

A generation is the interval of time that elapses between the birth of a father and the birth of his son, and was generally used in computing considerable periods of time, both in sacred and profane history. The interval of a generation is consequently of uncertain length, and depends on the standard of human life, and whether the generations are reckoned by eldest, middle, or youngest sons. Thirty-three years have usually been allowed as the mean length of a generation, or three generations for every hundred years. In compiling pedigrees, great attention is necessary to the number of generations in any given period, as they form a guide to the probability of persons having sprung from any particular individual.

Science Advances.

As soon as an article purporting to be of utility has been tested, and its merits endorsed by public opinion, unprincipled parties endeavor to replenish their depleted purses by counterfeiting, and substituting a spurious for the genuine article. Some time since, mercury, in the disguise of pills, powders, &c., was given for all diseases of the stomach and liver, while quinine was freely administered for the chills. At length HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS made its advent, and an entire new system of healing was inaugurated. The beneficial effects of this valuable preparation were at once acknowledged, and mineral poisons suffered to sink into that obscurity to which an enlightened age has consigned them. There have been many spurious Bitters palmed upon the community, which, after trial, have been found perfectly worthless, while HOSTETTER'S has proved a blessing to thousands, who owe to it their restoration to health, and for many years we have watched the steady progress of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS in public estimation, and its beneficient effects as a cure for all complaints arising from the stomach of a morbid nature, and we are free to say that it can be relied upon as a certain relief and remedy. Its proprietors have made the above preparation, after years of careful study and sifting, and are now reaping the reward claimed by this valuable specific, and which they so richly merit. It is the only preparation of the kind that is reliable in all cases, and it therefore demands the attention of the afflicted. sep11-2t

INTEMPERANCE.—The Probe, a newspaper published at the Sanitarium, near Media, Pennsylvania, states that one-third of the whole number of patients in the institution acquired a taste for strong drink in attending parties and other social gatherings; that the other two-thirds became drunkards from constitutional tendencies, inducing insanity in some and reckless disregard of moral obligations in others. Of the first class, twenty-two were cured; of the second, only eight. Two-thirds of the whole had the benefits of Christian and temperance training, while only twenty-three had been neglected.

Something New and Startling.

Psychologic Attraction, Fascination, or Science of the Soul. A new book, 400 pages, nonpariel, elegantly bound in cloth, by Herbert Hamilton, B. A., author of "Natural Forces," etc. This wonderful book contains full and complete instructions to enable any one to fascinate and gain the confidence or love of either sex, and control or subject the brute creation at will. All possess and can exert this mental power, by reading this book (not a mere circular or advertising scheme), which can be obtained by sending your address and postage to the publishers,

sep25-1y T. W. EVANS & Co.,

139 South 7th st., or 41 South 8th st., Philadelphia.

☞ A very important hen case is pending at Falmouth, Massachusetts, and threatens to be taken to the Massachusetts Court of Appeals. A man sold a hen; on taking it to the buyer the hen laid an egg, and the egg aforesaid both buyer and seller claim.

Dr. Gouraud's Oriental Cream or Magical Beautifier.

This preparation has acquired a reputation which makes it sought after by ladies coming from or going to the most distant countries, for it has no equal or rival in its beautifying qualities. Like all other of Dr. GOURAUD'S preparations this has extended its sale until it has become a specialty by its own merits, and is not the creature of mere advertising notoriety. It is recommended from one customer to another on actual knowledge of its value and utility. Prepared by Dr. FELIX GOURAUD, 48 Bond street, removed from 453 Broadway, New York, and to be had of all druggists. je26-3m

☞ Lord Byron's steward denies the truth of Mrs. Stowe's statements; and a letter in the London Telegraph asserts that Lord Byron did not meet Mrs. Leigh from a period before his marriage until after the separation from Lady Byron.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. W. C. Robinson, Mr. THOMAS W. CAMPBELL to Miss LIZZIE WANAMAKER, both of this city.

On the 13th of Sept., by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, Mr. HENRY BOHRMAN to Miss MAGGIE MCDEVITT, both of this city.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. William T. Eva, Mr. JOHN COLTER to Miss MARY W., daughter of B. R. Bacon, Esq., both of this city.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. Wm. B. Wood, Mr. CORLY S. SMITH to Miss JOSEPHINE F. WHITE, both of this city.

On the 19th of Aug., by the Rev. W. J. Parson, Mr. ALFRED B. PIERCE to Miss PRISCILLA H. MCBRIDE, both of this city.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. G. Oram, Mr. WILLIAM W. RAIVLEY to Miss ELLA E. WATSON, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 14th instant, GEORGE H. BANCROFT, aged 28 years.

On the 14th instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH GORDON, in her 85th year.

On the 13th instant, Mrs. LUCY A. LECHLER, aged 51 years.

On the 13th instant, GEORGE IRWIN, in his 29th year.

On the 13th instant, Mrs. MARY JOHNSON, in her 64th year.

On the 13th instant, CAROLINE, wife of Jacob Repple, in her 60th year.

On the 12th instant, Mrs. MARGERY TROUPER, in her 42d year.

On the 11th instant, THOMAS LOUDEN, in his 75th year.

On the 11th instant, JOHN WILKINSON, in his 58th year.

MY LIFE.

BY H. D. THOREAU.

My life is like a stroll upon the beach,
As near the ocean's edge as I can go;
My tardy steps its waves sometimes o'erreach,
Sometimes I stay to let them overflow.

My sole employment 'tis, and scrupulous care,
To set my gains beyond the reach of tides;
Each smoother pebble and each shell more rare,
Which ocean kindly to my hand confides.

I have but few companions on the shore—
They scorn the strand who sail upon the sea;
Yet oft I think the ocean they've sailed o'er,
Is deeper known upon the strand to me.

The middle sea contains no crimson dulse,
Its deeper waves cast up no pearls to view,
Along the shore my hand is on its pulse,
And I converse with many a shipwrecked crew.

Lucrezia Borgia.

The woman whose name stands at the head of this paper has been portrayed in more widely varying colors than perhaps any of the personages that are represented upon the canvas of history. Some authors have painted her with a radiant halo crowning her brow, such as might become a St. Catherine or a St. Theresa; while some have depicted her in the midst of a dark, foul mist, such as might surround the form of a Messalina. We intend to draw neither an angel nor a demon, but a woman; and in so doing we believe that we shall give the reader the most just idea of Lucrezia Borgia's character.

Lucrezia is reputed to have been the illegitimate daughter of Alexander VI. Her mother was Perpetua Vanozza, a Sicilian lady of great beauty, and, it is said, of respectable birth; who for many years contrived to maintain the position of chief favorite—a circumstance which proves that Perpetua must have been as astute as she was fair. Madama Vanozza became the mother of several children enjoying the privilege of being called by the name of Borgia, and (long after her priestly lover was lying in the vaults of St. Peter's) lived on in the comfortable nest which she had feathered for herself in the days of her summer. The atmosphere which surrounded Lucrezia's childhood, forms the strongest excuse for anything we may see to blame in her future story; indeed, when we look more closely into the influences that must have worked upon her in her earliest years, we cannot help wondering at the vast deal of genuine, sweet, tender womanliness we find in her nature. All this time Lucrezia's intellect was not left fallow. She was made a proficient in the Latin, French, and Spanish languages, and her tastes in painting, music, and poetry were carefully trained. Alexander, who was an affectionate father, must have beheld with delight the wondrous buds of beauty and talent the girl year by year put forth; and must have indulged in many a brilliant dream for her future, as he lay taking his luxurious siesta in the cool halls of St. Angelo.

When Lucrezia had reached her sixteenth year, Alexander began to look about for a son-in-law who might at once strengthen his own hands and place his daughter in an advantageous position. But the princes of Italy were not anxious for a match with the illegitimate daughter. At length, however, Francesco Sforza, Duke of Milan, whose coronet was just then sitting unsteadily upon his head, on account of the many foreign sceptres stretched out to push it off, agreed to overlook the bar-sinister in the young lady's escutcheon; and Giovanni, Francesco's son, and Lucrezia, found themselves very speedily joined by a nuptial chain, in the forging of which neither of them had had the slightest hand. This union proved a very flavorless conjugal dish for both parties.

Lucrezia was not, at sixteen, the perfect mistress in fascination she afterwards became, and the apathetic, characterless young Sforza seems never to have regarded her with any stronger feeling than that of calm indifference, a sentiment which she fully returned. At the end of two or three years, Alexander finding the Duke of Milan an unprofitable ally, and having other views for his daughter, annulled the marriage, and Giovanni and Lucrezia separated, to their mutual extreme satisfaction.

The King of Naples was now the potentate with whom Alexander was anxious to make an alliance, and to him he made overtures for a union between Lucrezia and the king's illegitimate son Alphonso, Duke of Bisceglie. The king consented on condition that his son, whom he tenderly loved, should show an inclination for the marriage before he knew that his father desired it. In order to effect this, Alexander asked the young duke to visit him. On his arrival, Bisceglie was caused to take up his residence in the house of a cardinal, with whom Lucrezia (of course, to all outward seeming, entirely by chance) then happened to be staying. For a few days the duke was kept quiet in the cardinal's palazzo, and, during this time, Lucrezia who was now a much more finished expert in the art of charming than when she married Sforza, brought to bear upon him the whole artillery of her face and her wit. Little wonder was it that the inexperienced lad of seventeen, rushed headlong into the flowery bonds prepared for him, and received with rapturous delight the information that his divinity was to be his wife. For Bisceglie, Lucrezia seems to have felt a sort of condescending, pitying liking, and to have lived with him in tolerably domestic peace. She gave the duke a son, who was either removed from her after his father's death, or else died young, for no mention is afterwards made of him in connection with his mother.

Lucrezia's second trial of the marriage state was not to last long. One evening as he came out of a church, the young duke was attacked by a band of armed men in masks, and fell, covered with many wounds. When the assassins had left him, his servants, who had been too terrified to defend him, carried him to his palace, still alive. There Lucrezia and his sister Sanchia watched and nursed him with the most unwearying devotion. Their care, and his own healthy, young constitution got the better of his wounds, and he was in a fair way of recovery; but one day the wife and sister left his apartment for a little repose, and on their return they found Bisceglie lying dead from strangulation.

This assassination is one of the most mysterious of the many dark deeds of blood that stain the history of Alexander's pontificate. Lucrezia's brother, Cesare, was generally supposed to be the author of the crime; but if it was so, neither wife nor father-in-law ever showed any outward resentment. Perhaps their fear of Cesare, who was of a yet more vindictive and unscrupulous nature than his father, may have had something to do with their inertness in the matter.

The fair widow was by no means inconsolable; for after a few months spent in retirement at Nepi (during which time she was more probably recovering from the shock caused by the sudden manner of her husband's death than mourning very deeply his loss), we find her again at Rome, joining in the festivities of the Papal Court. Great was the trust placed by Alexander in the intellect and courage of his daughter. When he was absent from Rome, he left with her the reins of government, and the key of his treasury always hung at her girdle.

It is during this period of her widowhood that the darkest aspersions have been cast upon Lucrezia's reputation; and we must own that we cannot clear her from them. We do not indeed credit the abominable assertions made by some writers concerning the domestic life of the Borgia family, but we believe that, could we have mixed with the Roman society of that day, we should have heard whispered about facts very damaging to Lucrezia's character.

Alexander began now to frame a more ambitious scheme for the aggrandizement of his beloved child than any he had hitherto cherished. Alphonso, the eldest son of Ercole, Duke of Ferrara, was now a widower, and he was the husband that Alexander had fixed upon for his daughter. The great abilities of the D'Este family had raised the standard of Ferrara until it floated above every other banner in Italy; and Alexander felt that by such a marriage he should not only cause his darling to sit at the same table with princesses, but should give his own temporal power a most solid and lasting support. The proposal was, however, at first indignantly rejected by Duke Ercole. How could the blood of the D'Estes submit to commingle with the blood of Perpetua Vanozza? Besides, the winds which blew from the Roman campagna wafted no very fragrant report of the lady's fair fame. But Alexander persisted, and persuaded the King of France to send a special envoy to Ferrara upon the subject; and by means of threats, coaxing, and promises of large dower, the clever Frenchman at length was successful in his mission; yet, though Duke Ercole consented, his son was still reluctant. His first wife, who was a noble and virtuous lady, had been tenderly loved by him; and how should he bear to see in her place this tarnished jewel—this flower so lavish of her sweets—this daughter of the detested Borgia! Notwithstanding Alphonso's sentiments, the marriage treaty was proceeded with; and a brilliant *cortege*, comprising two of Ercole's younger sons, left Ferrara to go to Rome to fetch home the bride. Great was the exultation in the Borgia family, and most of all was it displayed by Lucrezia. The moment the news of the duke's consent having been given arrived, she went to the shrine of the Madonna to thank her publicly for her husband. She rewarded splendidly two actors who ran through the streets proclaiming her new dignity. She wore out her dressmakers with the variety and richness of her *trousseau*. Nor can we much wonder at her joy. Her position at Court was at the best a very anomalous and delicate one, and from this she was to be removed to the most brilliant situation in Italy. Besides, who could tell how soon her brother Cesare, who resented the greater trust placed in her than in himself by their father, and who had already put out of the way her husband and their elder brother, the Duke of Gandia, might not take it into his head to get rid of her also? It was no small advantage to be beyond the clutches of that precious brother, and to escape the ruin which the persevering lady saw impending over their house; she was parting with her freedom as a rich widow at a comparatively early age, but men and women lived quickly their lives in the Rome of that day. Lucrezia at twenty-two was as much satiated with pleasure as an antiquated coquette of fifty among ourselves.

With himself and his horse all ablaze with gold and jewels, and surrounded by the flower of the Roman nobility, Cesare Borgia went forth to meet the Ferrarese embassy. The magnificence of their reception was excessive, and terrible the taxation laid on the people to pay for it. Yet none dared murmur, so great was the dread of Cesare Borgia. Alexander united Alphonso and Lucrezia without the presence of the bridegroom; and then, Lucrezia left Rome.

We cannot here enter into all the gorgeous pomp that attended the bride's entrance into Ferrara. It is all one rainbow-tinted mass of jewelled aigrettes, and shimmering silks, and fluttering plumes, and gilded trappings; while the air is filled with the clang of bells, the clash of military bands, the chant of priests, the song of minstrels, the silver voices of maidens, and the shouts of acrobats. Indeed, when we read of all the ponderous ceremonial, without which no event could happen among distinguished families in the Middle Ages, we are inclined to wonder how the poor ladies ever managed to live through it at all. There is no more remarkable proof of Lucrezia's power of fascination, than the way in which she charmed, on their first meeting with her, not only her husband, but also every member of his family, all of whom were more or less inclined to dislike and mistrust her. Alphonso was completely subjugated by the threefold spell of her wit, her tact, and her beauty, and from that time till the end of her life was her adoring lover. Old Duke Ercole became the willing slave of his lovely daughter-in-law; while Alphonso's sister, the Marchioness of Mantua, who was one of the most learned ladies of her time (being delighted probably with Lucrezia's fine intellect,) grew to be her staunch friend. How far Lucrezia responded to all these feelings it is impossible quite to determine. We should think that she probably grew by degrees thoroughly to esteem her husband, though she never loved him passionately, and that she liked all his family, though she would not have performed any very great act of devotion towards them. This Alphonso D'Este, was, we should think, a man above most of his fellows in that old, mediæval Italy. He was a patient groper after the light of science, and a judicious patron of men of letters and artists; he was a skillful general, and when the winged Venetian lion stretched out his paw towards his Ferrara, he made him beat a hasty retreat. He strove more to please the common people than the nobles, and sold his plate to buy them food in time of scarcity. He was tolerant towards reformers and Jews, and kept that terrible, iron-clawed monster, the Inquisition, chained beneath the steps of his ducal throne.

After her arrival at Ferrara, Lucrezia's health was very delicate, and for some time she did nothing but disappoint the hopes she gave of bringing an heir to the dukedom. At length, however, to the great joy of her husband and his people, she gave birth to a prince, and after that she became the mother of several children. On the death of Duke Ercole, Alphonso and his wife became duke and duchess. Lucrezia also lost her father and her brother Cesare, who, being banished from Rome, received the reward of his misdeeds, first in a foreign prison, and then in an obscure death on the field of battle. Notwithstanding what has been said by some writers to the contrary, we believe that Lucrezia knew much too well what was good for herself ever to have returned to her old way of living after she became Alphonso's wife. She did indeed indulge sometimes in a little learned flirting with Pietro Bembo and the other literary men who crowded her court; but this was done in a dignified and decorous manner, and if any of the poets or scholars lost their hearts, we believe it to have been entirely the fault of their own presumptuous vanity. In all things Lucrezia seems to have made Alphonso a good helpmate. She governed the dukedom prudently in his absence; she was a careful and affectionate mother to his children; she was unwearied in deeds of charity in seasons of famine; she encouraged him in his religious toleration. In this latter quality of Lucrezia, for which she was as remarkable as her husband, we fancy that we can discern something of the spirit of the penitent Magdalene, who thought too humbly of herself to censure others. When Lucrezia first arrived at Ferrara she acted virtue to suit her new position; but gradually (and this more especially as the sweet, domestic ties of her Ferrarese home began to twine themselves around her but half-chilled woman's heart,) that virtue became real in her, until towards the end, her life grew more elevated and Christian-like. But however much Lucrezia may have endeavored to atone for the misdoings of her youth, she never (and this is much to her credit in those days of wild religious fanaticism) practiced an ascetic retirement that made her forget her duties as a princess. To the last, we find her shining in public as became her state, with her expressive gray eyes beaming kindly on her subjects, and her long, fair hair flowing from beneath the little cap, sometimes studded with gems and sometimes composed of gold threads, which she always wore.

Lucrezia is said to have been an elegant poetess, and her refined taste, as well as those delicate feminine instincts that often render women the best critics, made her opinion sought by all the chief authors and artists of the day. We should like to have paused to have realized the picture of her in the days of her highest glory, when Bembo lay reading his sonnets at her feet, and Strozzi, the most graceful of Latin poets, wooed his fair Barbara (the woman for whose sake he was afterwards assassinated) under her gentle auspices, and Giorgione came to discuss with her his new fresco, and Tebaldeo sang her praises in his melodious tenor, and Aldo Manuzio, the prince of mediæval printers, prophesied to her the future triumphs of his trade, and Ariosto strolled in to read to her a letter from Raphael. But we have no time to linger, and that brilliant assembly has vanished like a dream.

In 1519 there went up a cry from Ferrara, which said that the glory had departed from the palace of the D'Este; for the great duchess, in the prime of life, had passed away from the earth. ALICE KING.

Story of a Stage Driver.

I once knew a man who, though now in wealth, was once a stage-driver, of whom I will here relate an incident:

He was striving to make a connection for the sake of a large load of passengers which he was carrying, and he broke down not far from the dwelling of an old curmudgeon. The driver went to borrow his lumber wagon, to take his passengers on with. The man was absent from home, and his wife refused to lend the wagon.

"You are perfectly right, madam," said the driver, "but I must have it. I shall take it, and I will settle with your husband for it when he returns."

He took it, used it, and brought it back in good order. When he came to settle for it, the man met him full of anger, and thunderous with rage. After some expostulations, he said:

"I have come to settle with you for the wagon."

"Well, you *shall*," said the man.

"What shall I pay you for the use of it an hour or two."

"You shall pay me $50."

He made no objection to the charge, handed the man $50, shook hands with him in the best good nature, and then mounted his coach and rode off, his passengers protesting against his yielding to such an exorbitant demand.

Two or three weeks afterward he found this man hanging about his boarding-place, and said to him—

"Good-morning, sir."

Said the man—

"I came to see you about that wagon."

"I thought I paid you for it. How much do you want?"

"That money has burned me ever since I took it from you. Here's your $50—I can't keep it."

It was with difficulty that he could be made to accept about $3—a fair price for his wagon. When the neighbors heard the story and looked at the affair from beginning to end, they said—

"Was not that the best way, after all? Was it not beautiful?"

☞ An Irishman entered a barber's shop while drinking, ate with a brush a cup of lather, dug out the ball of soap at the bottom of the cup, ate that, and sat down to warm his feet. "How did you like your lunch?" asked a bystander. Said Pat, "The custard was illegant, but, by my soul, I b'lave the egg was a little too long in the wather!"

☞ Dutchman—"Goot morrer, Pat; how you tux?" Irishman—"The top o' the morning till ye, Smitt; d'ye think we'll get rain the day?" Dutchman—"Kess no; ve never hash mooch rain in der dry time." Irishman—"Faith, an' ye'r right there, Smitt, an' thin whinever it gits in the way o' rainin' the divil a bit o' dhry wither will we git as long as the wet spell howlds."

Paying the Church Debt.

An acute disciple of Blackstone, in one of our Atlantic cities, had by a course of active pettifogging succeeded in filling his pockets. Full pockets enabled him to assume an imposing style of living, and the reputation of having gotten rich by practice at the bar, very naturally increased the number of his fees. S—— soon stood "A, Number One," among his legal brethren.

If any one had a very hard case for litigation, S—— was his man; for if anybody could gain it for him, he could. He not only understood all the quirks and turns of the law, but was fertile in original expedients. The goodness or badness of a cause was nothing to him; his business was to gain it for his client by any means he could use, fair or foul.

At length, from some cause or other not clearly ascertained, S—— became religiously disposed, and joined the church. An influential man like him was not long suffered to remain inactive in the secularities of the church. At the first fitting opportunity he was made a vestryman.

S—— had always been looked upon in the community as a "pretty hard case," and the reputation by no means belied the truth. The gaining of one like him, therefore, over to the cause of religion, was a source of no little congratulation to those who regarded things spiritual—and was looked on as quite a triumph over the enemy of souls. There were some, however, who shrugged their shoulders, and professed to have just about as much confidence in him now as they ever had, and to regard his religion, to use one of their expressions, as "all in your eye."

Matters professionally went on pretty much in the old way. Religion, in the eyes of S——, was too sacred a thing to bring down into the world, where it must suffer violence, and be, in consequence, brought into disrepute. He, therefore, kept his religion nicely laid up in lavender for Sunday, when it was brought forth unspotted from the world.

About two years after S—— joined the church, it was thought by those who had affairs in charge, that they ought to have a new and more imposing edifice than the one they worshipped in. S—— was prominent in the matter—in fact, he was the prime mover, and headed a subscription list with a thousand dollars.

In due time the church was finished, and an elegant edifice it was. But the building committee and the architect had managed to run the cost up to one hundred thousand dollars, and the church in debt about seventy thousand. This caused all concerned to feel, as might be supposed, rather serious on the subject. A debt of seventy thousand dollars was a serious affair, placed in any light.

The first thing to be done was to have a sale of the pews. This proceeded rather slowly, and the prices at which they sold were by no means as large as had been anticipated. From this source only twenty thousand dollars came. An extra subscription was then tried, but only ten thousand dollars could be raised.

In this aspect of affairs, S——, who was chairman of the building committee, and to whom was mainly chargeable the excess of cost over the first estimate made for the church, felt called upon to devise some means for liquidating the heavy debt.

"It could be done easily enough, if those who are able would come forward and buy pews at a fair price, instead of renting them," he said to a fellow vestryman.

It was freely admitted that this would certainly change the aspect of affairs. But, if the members preferred renting to buying, nothing could be done.

"They ought to be made to buy," said S——, warmly. "There is Preston, worth thirty or forty thousand dollars at least, who, instead of paying a couple of thousand dollars for the pew his family occupies, is very well contented to get it at a yearly rent of a hundred dollars. It is too bad! I would not give much for his interest in religion, if he has no better way of showing it."

"He certainly ought to buy," was unhesitatingly replied.

"He *shall* buy!" said S——, snapping his fingers, as a sudden thought struck him.

"Do you think you can make him?"

"Yes."

"How? What means will you use?"

"Never mind about that. But, mark my words for it, next Sunday Preston will be the owner instead of the tenant of his pew."

The lawyer went to his office, and writing a note, dispatched it by his office messenger. In twenty minutes a well-dressed man entered, and bowed to the lawyer with a deferential air.

"Take a chair, Jones—I want to talk to you," said S——. "You know we've managed to get confoundedly in debt with our new church."

"Yes, so it seems," was the answering reply.

"And somehow or other we must manage to get out of debt; and we can, if the thing is done rightly. I believe I have hit upon the mode."

"Ah! Well, you are fortunate. Nobody else could have done it."

"So I flatter myself. There are too many pews rented. If all who are able to buy would purchase instead of renting, the debt would be paid off in a week."

"No doubt of that."

"Very well; that is admitted. Now my plan is to make them buy."

"If you can."

"And I can, with a good fellow like you to aid me. And I think your affection for the church is strong enough to induce you to lend a willing hand to the work. Debt is a terrible thing."

"Indeed it is! But how can I aid you?"

"Are you willing?"

"O! certainly."

"Very well. Then, without anybody's knowing what we are about, or suspecting any concert between us, we can make some forty or fifty pew-renters become purchasers, and thus pay the whole debt."

"How? I am curious to know that?"

"Very well, I will inform you. There is Preston to begin with. His pew is a very eligible one, and if he gives it up he can't possibly get another without going far down the aisle, for every good pew in the church is either rented or sold. Now his pew is worth at least two thousand dollars."

"Yes, and he ought to pay that for it. He is able enough."

"So I think. Very well. Now I will place two thousand dollars in your hands, and do you go to the treasurer, who has charge of the matter, and offer to buy the pew, saying that you are ready to pay the price down for it, cash. He will, of course, tell you that he must see Preston first, and give him the option of buying it. And Preston, rather than let you have the pew, will buy. D'ye see?"

"Capital! It is the very thing."

"Isn't it?"

"If you ain't a lawyer, dyed in the wool, there's no mistake," said the man, leaning back in his chair, and giving vent to a hearty peal of laughter.

On the next Sabbath Preston sat in his own pew, sure enough; and the treasury of the church was in a better condition by just the sum of two thousand dollars. S—— was delighted at the success of his scheme, and tried it on two other pew renters, who were quite strangers to each other, during the week, and with the desired result.

Jones got some private abuse for his part of the business, and was told that he had better pay his honest debts before he undertook to buy a high-priced pew; but he put it all quietly in his pocket, and went ahead.

"You are determined to have somebody's pew, I see," remarked the treasurer, when Jones appeared the fourth time.

"I wish a good pew, and am willing to pay a good price for it," he replied. "I don't covet anybody's pew; but I believe no one has a right to the property that he merely rents."

"O, no! you have a right to purchase any unsold pew in the church."

"So I supposed."

But Jones didn't get the pew, for which he had offered a liberal price. The occupant preferred the alternative of buying to being turned out.

And thus the thing went quietly on, no one suspecting the agency at work, until pews enough were actually sold to pay off the fifty thousand dollars' debt that had remained after the first sale of pews and subsequent extra subscription.

"Didn't I tell you that I would make Preston buy his pew?" said S—— to the vestryman to whom he had first hinted his intention of putting some unknown scheme into operation.

"Yes; but who made thirty or forty others buy pews? Preston's case is only a drop in the bucket."

"I did."

"You?"

"Certainly I did. The church owes me a service of plate for paying off its debt, and I believe I will claim it."

"And you are entitled to it, if the thing has been fairly done."

"You shall judge of that yourself."

And S——, whose notions of right and wrong were founded upon rather extraordinary models, related the trick he had played upon the pew-renters, and ended by saying,

"Now wasn't that capital?"

"I believe what people say of you is correct," returned the vestryman with unexpected sobriety.

"And what is that, pray?"

"Why, that you are a lawyer died in the wool, and proof against all spiritual bleaching salts. Good-morning."

S—— was profoundly astonished for the moment. But he shrugged his shoulders, and muttered to himself—

"Nettled because his dull brains were not bright enough for such a scheme."

That there was some stir in the church when it became known what work the lawyer had been engaged in may well be supposed. Some were angry, some laughed at the trick, but all were more or less satisfied with being out of debt. The reputation of S—— as a professional man did not suffer; though, we believe, on the score of his piety there were some doubts entertained in the minds of a few, who considered him a lawyer dyed in the wool, and therefore a hopeless case.

SONG.

Bright eyes, soft eyes,
Gazing into mine;
Sweet eyes, glad eyes,
Making life divine:
Eyes so full of earnest thought,
Full of girlish lightness,
Heaven grant no deed of mine
Shall ever dim their brightness.

Dear face, rosy face,
Smiling all for me;
Wise face, sunny face,
Beautiful to see:
Glad face, sad face,
Rounding all completeness,
Never thought or word of mine
Shall wrong its holy sweetness.

Glad heart, dear heart,
Clinging unto mine;
Brave heart, gentle heart,
Knowing me all thine:
Heart, oh true and worshipful!
Sure to fill thy measure,
God will make me worthy
Of thy love's surpassing treasure.

How Monkeys are Captured.

Monkeys are pretty common, yet as all the families are remarkably cunning, has it ever occurred to the reader how they are taken? Pitfalls will take a lion, and the famished monarch will, after a few days' starvation, dart into a cage containing food, and thus be secured. But how are monkeys caught? The ape-family resembles man. Their voices are human. They love liquor and fall. In Darfour and Sennaar the natives make fermented beer, of which the monkeys are passionately fond. Aware of this, the natives go to the parts of the forest frequented by the monkeys, and set on the ground calabashes full of the enticing liquor. As soon as a monkey sees and tastes it, he utters loud cries of joy that soon attracts his comrades. Then an orgie begins, and in a short time the beasts show all degrees of intoxication. Then the negroes appear. The few who come too late to get fuddled escape. The drinkers are too far gone to distrust them, but apparently take them for larger species of their own genus. The negroes take some up, and these begin to weep and cover them up with maudlin kisses. When a negro takes one by the hand to lead him off, the nearest monkey will cling to the one who thus finds a support, and endeavor to go off also. Another will grasp at him, and so on until the negro leads a staggering line of ten or a dozen tipsy monkeys. When finally brought to the village they are securely caged, and gradually sober down: but for two or three days a gradually diminishing supply of liquor is given them, so as to reconcile them by degrees to their state of captivity.

☞ GOODNESS.—We should not [illegible] pair of the goodness of the world if we [illegible] happen to see it immediately [illegible] us. The atmosphere is still blue, though [illegible] much of it as is inclosed in our apar[illegible] is colorless.

TO A LITTLE HUSWIFE.

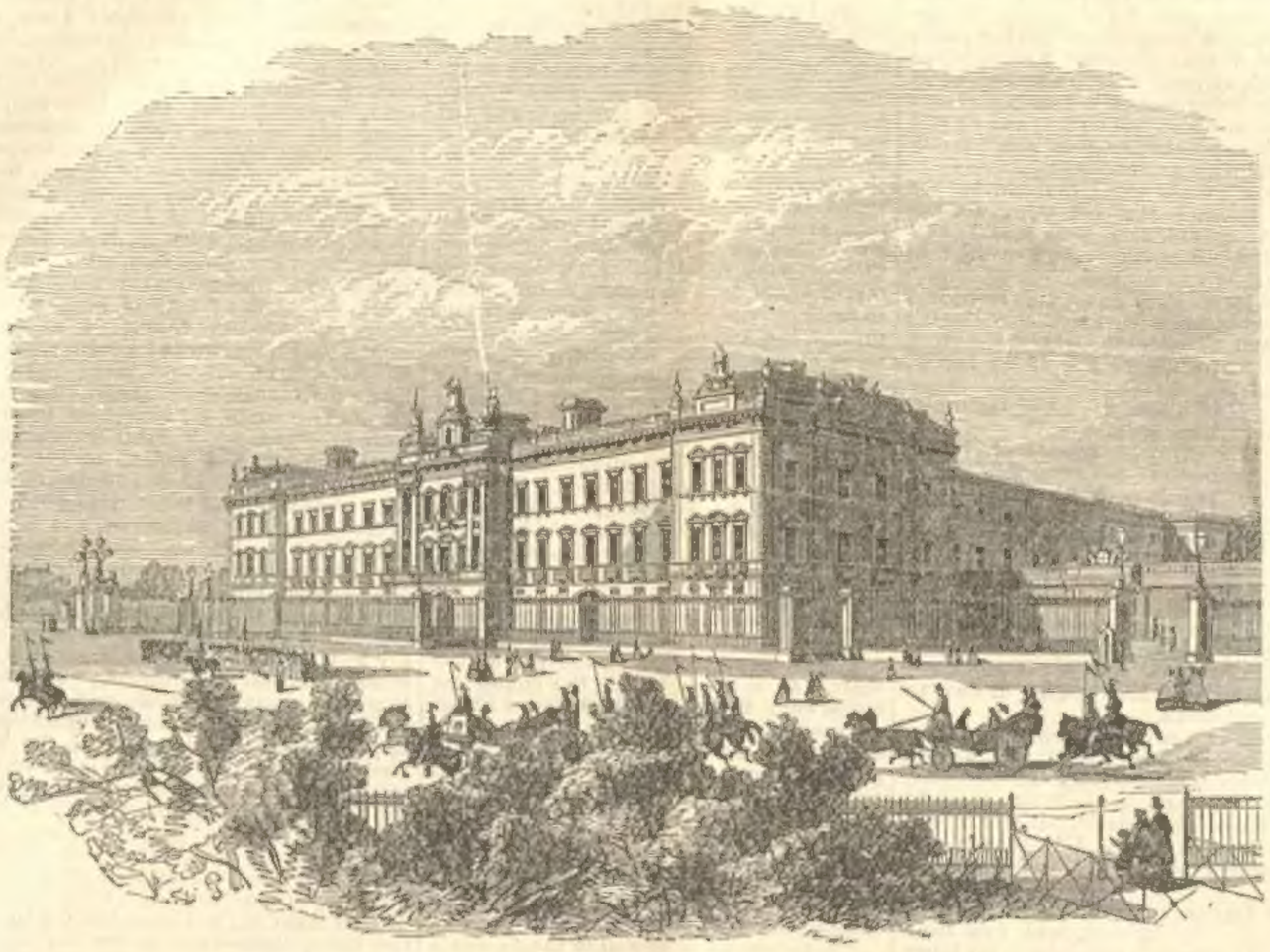
Oh, little Huswife, clean and spruce,
  Thy use one heart divines;
A rosy apple, full of juice,
  And polish'd—till it shines!
A tidy, tripping, tender thing,
  A foe to lazy litters,
A household angel, tidying,
  Till all around thee glitters.

To see thee in thy loveliness,
  So prudish and so chaste;
No speck upon the cotton dress
  Girdled around thy waist;
The ankle peeping white as snow,
  Thy tuck'd-up kirtle under;
While shining dishes, row on row,
  Behind thee stare and wonder.

While round thy door the millions call,
  While the great markets fill,
Tho' public sorrow strikes us all,
  Singing, thou workest still;
Yea, all thy care and all thy lot
  Is ever sweet and willing,
To keep one little household spot
  As clean as a new shilling!

The crimson kitchen firelight clips
  Thy cheeks until they glow;
The white flour makes thy finger tips
  Like rosebuds dropt in snow,
When all thy little gentle heart
  Flutters in exultation,
To compass, in an apple tart,
  Thy noblest aspiration!

Oh, Huswife, may thy modest worth
  Keep ever free from wrong;
Blest be the house, and bright the hearth
  Thou blessest all day long!
And nightly may thy sleep be sound,
  While o'er thee, softly, stilly,
The curtains close like leaves around
  The hush'd heart of the lily!



BUCKINGHAM PALACE—THE RESIDENCE OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

Queen Victoria has but one residence in London—namely, Buckingham Palace. Drawing-rooms and other ceremonies connected with official state are held at the old Palace of St. James's; but that building has long been deserted as a regal home, her Majesty having taken possession of Buckingham Palace in the first year of her reign. Windsor, Osborne, Balmoral, are frequently honored by her Majesty's presence. Her Majesty also has recently spent some time at the White Lodge, Richmond, but Buckingham Palace is her only town residence, and there virtually is held the Court of St. James's.

The good taste of her Majesty has made Buckingham Palace a graceful and imposing structure, by removing the most objectionable portions of the old building, and by adding to it the magnificent eastern frontage which looks out upon the Park. The eastern front is three hundred and sixty feet in length, and was formed in 1846, under the direction of Mr. Blore, at a cost of £150,000.

The interior of Buckingham Palace is magnificent. The grand staircase is of white marble; the walls richly decorated with frescoes by Gruner, emblematically portraying the progress of the day and night. The library is admirably arranged, and well stored with literary treasures; but the famous collection of books made by King George III. is not there, having been removed for the use of the nation to the British Museum. The vestibules and waiting-rooms are, as might be expected, gorgeously decorated with draperies, paintings, gilding, and plate glass; and in the sculpture gallery are some of the choicest works of modern sculptors. But the picture gallery is usually more interesting to a visitor than any other portion of the palace; it includes the choice collection of Sir Thomas Baring, and the pictures are, with scarcely an exception, first-rate works of art.

The portraits are chiefly hung in the state rooms, and are the productions of the most celebrated painters. The collection is exceedingly interesting, and is frequently enriched by fresh additions.

The Throne Room is a magnificent apartment. It is sixty-four feet in length; the ceiling richly emblazoned; the frieze of white marble, representing the Wars of the Roses; the walls hung with crimson satin; and the whole of the furniture and fittings on the same scale of regal grandeur.

The Green Drawing-room is about fifty feet in length, hung with green satin, and enriched with splendid mirrors. The Grand Saloon and the State Ball-room are decorated in the most brilliant style—scagliola columns, gilt capitals, ceilings, glowing with color, glass and gold, and satin and velvet, sculpture and pictures; everything that can add to the splendor of these spacious apartments is there to be found—a display of Oriental opulence, guided by cultivated taste.

The Gardens of the palace are extensive and well arranged. They cover a space of forty acres, and contain an octagonal summer-house, decorated with frescoes by Eastlake, Maclise, Landseer, Dyce, Stanfield, Ewins, Leslie, and Ross—illustrative of Milton's "Comus."

The Royal Mews contain stabling for the State horses, and houses for forty carriages. A room is expressly devoted to the State harness. Here, also, is the State coach, in which Her Majesty is conveyed on State occasions. It cost nearly £8,000; was designed by Sir W. Chambers, and painted by Cipriani, in 1762. The Mews contain a spacious riding school for the use of Her Majesty and the Royal Family.

Permission to view Buckingham Palace is granted only during the absence of Her Majesty from town. Permission is given by an order from the Lord Chamberlain. Permission to view the stables is given by an order from the Master of the Horse.

CROSS PURPOSES.

CHAPTER III.

"All the world I going wrong, I think," wrote Miss Gayworth to Edith, "and I am going to write you the exact truth about things, Edith dear, for you have left me so in the dark that I have no means of knowing how much it is best to tell you—how much best to keep from you.

"Did you go away on purpose that Mr. Herbert Oldenshaw, while suffering from your harshness, should be consoled by Gertrude's gentleness? Did you go away on purpose that Mr. Herbert Oldenshaw should fall in love with Gertrude? Did you go away on purpose that Gertrude should be free to lay herself out to please and to win Mr. Herbert Oldenshaw, and that he should be free to be pleased and won?

"I shall soon have a bad illness, Edith. I lie awake at night asking myself these questions, and get no sleep for worrying over these things. I am sometimes so angry with you, sometimes so angry with Gertrude, sometimes so angry with Herbert, sometimes so angry with all of you, sometimes with some of you, that my heart is always beating faster than it should. What do you mean? What do they mean? What does it all, or any of it, mean?

"You have been gone three weeks, just three weeks to-day. As I look over the lawn there, pacing the walk at the foot of it, where not six weeks ago you used to skip up and down beside him, or try to walk gravely, keeping his step—there he walks now, and Gertrude beside him—a handsome man and a beautiful woman, whom any one would take for lovers, if not for husband and wife, already. And the man is your lover and the woman is Gertrude, and I rub my eyes and try to find out it is a dream. I look up again; here, close to the window, is old Wilson, brush, brush, brush, trying 'to keep under them littering leaves' (as he calls the autumn jewels and gold that fall so freely), and there, a few yards further off, just out of his hearing, are that handsome pair.

"You say you are not surprised—that it is all going as you expected—that you only wish I would spare you details; but I won't; for either you are wickedly rash, or you are wickedly wronged. I cannot get it out of my head that *Gertrude is a married woman!* There! I have written it! Shall it go? It is one of the fancies that get into a sick head, and don't get out again, I dare say. I had made up my mind that those words should not be written, and there they stand, staring at me, underlined and all.

"When you first went away, Gertrude seemed very shy of Herbert, and I quite thought that he seemed as if he struggled against some dislike of her, or anger against her. I am quite sure she was afraid of him. However, I soon began to see that though afraid of him she was very anxious to please him, too, the false puss! Yet I can't call her names either, she seems such a sweet, gentle creature, and, of late, has had such a meek, half-heartbroken sort of a way with her. Perhaps she can't help trying to please everybody; I am sure she tries hard to please me; and when Mr. Oldenshaw, your master, comes here she is in such a tremble and flutter; she studies his looks and his words, and says to me afterwards, 'Did he mean anything particular when he said that? Was he offended with me for saying this? I never knew any girl so changed as Gertrude. I used to think her proud, and now she puts herself under everybody's feet, as it were."

A later letter said:—

"The people are beginning to talk, Edith. "Old Mrs. Fowler, the other day, simpering and nodding significantly, the old idiot, began—

"'So Mr. Herbert is likely soon to console himself. Well, she is a lovely creature: though *I* don't hold her any way near our Edith, I hear it said she'll make a fitter-looking Mrs. Oldenshaw of Firlands!'

"I suppose you knew that Herbert knew Gertrude before he met her here. I believe they have some secret between them. Sometimes I am absolutely certain it is not love—that he loves only you—but sometimes I begin to doubt; then my head turns round and the world with it.

"Mr. Oldenshaw, your master, speaks tenderly of you; asks after you very compassionately. I see that he dislikes this intimacy, it is no less, between his brother and Gertrude. There appears to be a coolness between the brothers, and your master calls you 'that poor child.' He is looking sadder than ever, and he has Amy always with him."

A later letter still said—

"I have been very much agitated, Edith; I can hardly hold my pen. Mr. Oldenshaw and Mr. Herbert Oldenshaw met in my sitting-room this evening. Gertrude was out. I was in the little back room, doing some mending for the laundress. I could not help hearing what passed. I did not suppose Mr. Oldenshaw *could* speak so harshly as he spoke to Walter, reproving him for his constant seeking of Gertrude's society. I could not catch all that passed, but your name was used by both of them. Herbert, my favorite Herbert, bore a great deal before he answered in any but the gentlest way.

"'If jealousy had anything to do with Edith's conduct, you do your best to show that that jealously was not groundless,' Mr. Oldenshaw said. Then Walter answered, 'I will tell you, James, since you drive me to it, there has crossed my mind a very different solution of that mystery. I do not think Edith capable of jealousy, and she had *no* ground for it. It has crossed my mind to suspect that she fancied, or feared, that she loves you better than she loves me. I cannot blame her,' he added; 'you are so much more worthy. If this is so, it is a matter for life-long regret, not for blame.'

"I heard no more, Edith, for I hastened to limp into the next room. I was afraid of what might follow; but I saw your master go down the road a few moments afterwards, Amy clinging round his neck, and there was such a look on his face! What kind of a look I cannot tell you. He was stooping more than usual, and looked a bent old man; the child was stroking his cheek, but he didn't seem conscious of it. Amy is looking *very, very* frail just now. Edith, think in time, what are you doing by this mystery of yours? What misery are you not spreading? What is there that people may not be driven to thinking and suspecting when you behave so inexplicably?

"You might just as well love a corpse in a grave as love your master in that way. Don't you feel, when he is kindest and tenderest, that the best of him, the core of him, is far away? Foolish old thing that I am! I can't write this without blushing, but when we first came here, three years ago now, seeing him so intensely sad, I was always thinking about him; before I knew it I grew to *love* him; the longing to be of some use to him, some comfort, became a strong torment. I never was presumptuous enough to think I could fill the place she had filled; I know it was not empty, but I had many fond dreams; they all died when I came to know him and the manner of his sorrow better. He loves all women for the sake of one, but never again will love one."

A later letter still—

"Edith, what shall I say to you? How can I tell it you? My only consolation is I begin to think you know it. *You* broke off the engagement that he might not have to do it—to spare him or to spare your pride! And how much you have been bearing of blame from everybody, from me even, who ought to have known you better. Come home to me soon, my child, my poor, ill-used child, and see if I do not love you and pet you, my poor, poor wounded birdie! Why didn't you trust me? why didn't you trust me?

"But you are frowning at me impatiently, and beating the ground with your foot, telling me to speak at once. I will.

"Yesterday Gertrude was taken ill; she suddenly fainted; she hasn't been sensible since. She was in the room above; I heard her fall, and ran to her as fast as my lameness would let me. I found an open letter lying on the floor beside her. Outside it was addressed to 'Miss Brown.' I had seen it on the table at breakfast-time, and watched how startlingly she flushed and then grew lead-white as she took it up and put it in her pocket, to be read when she was alone. As it lay open on the ground beside her I could not help seeing the beginning and ending. It began 'My dearest wife,' and was signed (it only contained a few lines) 'H. Oldenshaw.'

"I have not been able to speak to her yet, she is still too ill, as I told you, not sensible. Mr. Herbert Oldenshaw is away. I have seen and spoken to your master. He only says 'This is too monstrous!' repeating those world again and again. And when I think of Herbert, of his frank, good face, his fearless eyes, *I* say, 'This is too monstrous!' The words is whirling round so fast, it spins me out of breath and out of sense. I tried not to think about anything.

"What can it mean? Write and tell us: you know.

"P. S. Evening.

"Gertrude still lies helpless, only partially sensible. The doctor shakes his head, and talks of pressure on the brain. (He has also asked the strangest questions. You remember I said I could not get it out of my head that she was a married woman.) I have got Mrs. Wilson to come and help us nurse. I am not very well myself; I think I hurt my lame hip when I ran upstairs on hearing her fall. It has been painful ever since."

CHAPTER IV.

Edith came back to Ivy Cottage, to nurse her cousin and take care of her sister. To do so she got out up from a sick bed, where an attack of nervous fever had for some days kept her. She was a good deal changed; her cheeks had lost their roundness and their damask-rose-sort of rich soft bloom, and her eyes were over-large and bright.

Mr. Herbert Oldenshaw was still away; he was neither at the Seawall House, nor at his own place, Firlands. Where he was *not* people knew, but *where* he was no one seemed to know. His mother, to whom Lily had written to tell her of the illness of her governess, Gertrude Brown, in answering that letter asked for news of her second son Herbert, saying she had not seen him for many months, and that a story about him, as painful as absurd, had reached her. She also seemed more curious as to the cause than anxious about the nature or the result of Gertrude's illness.

November was sad and gloomy, such a month as November has the character of being in most places, and very seldom is in that spot. All through it Gertrude lay ill and Edith nursed her. It was a difficult malady to deal with and cure, being more of the mind than the body. Mr. Oldenshaw's children had to do without their governess; their father sought with pathetic patience to be mother and father to them: tried, for their sakes, to be cheerful, and encouraged their merry games. When the gloomy afternoons and stormy evenings gathered them about him in the great rooms, how often the fading twilight and the uncertain firelight showed him their mother among them still, her finger raised in gentle reproof, while her eyes glistened with sympathizing glee. He saw her and he heard her say, "Not so much noise, little ones; not quite so much noise."

Edith and Mr. Oldenshaw had exchanged positions with regard to Herbert. Mr. Oldenshaw sighed over him or spoke of him with stern wonder, while Edith had a sort of bright and hardy confidence in him now.

"Is it too monstrous!" she, too, had said, and she felt it so. What she had to believe, if she had to believe anything against him, surpassed belief. She had for a while been able to believe that Herbert, after engaging himself to her—which he had done, she said sometimes, out of pity for her poverty and forlornness—had formed an attachment to her beautiful cousin Gertrude, against his will, had been betrayed into declaration of his passion for her; but that he had secretly married her cousin while still engaged to herself—had allowed Gertrude to occupy an equivocal and painful position, and Edith to bear all the blame that attaches to a woman who causelessly breaks off an engagement—this was too monstrous for belief.

The first supposition even had for a long time seemed too monstrous—had been felt to be too monstrous when those fearless, honest eyes shone on her—had for a long time been pushed aside, and then, when it wouldn't any longer be pushed aside, had been combated; but the different bits of evidence had accumulated to an overwhelming whole. When she had posted her letter to Gertrude, she had believed beyond all doubt that an attachment subsisted between her and Herbert, which was the cause of unhappiness to them both, because they both struggled against it for her sake.

A kind friend who had visited near Mrs. Oldenshaw's, had told Edith of how the beautiful governess was admired in the neighborhood and courted by *all* the gentlemen of the family. Another had told her that her cousin had been seen walking in lonely parts of the grounds, and apparently engaged in most intimately-confidential conversation with *her* and Mr. Oldenshaw. Another had reported how entranced Mr. Oldenshaw had seemed by the singing of the lovely governess; how she had blushed at his praises, and how, on different occasions, she had shown signs of there being some secret understanding between them. All this, and much more, had gone for nothing with Edith till there had come into Edith's own hands, in Gertrude's own writing, by one of those accidents—the wrong letter placed in the envelope—that happen sometimes even to very cautious and business-like people, a letter of Gertrude's, to "my own and only love," in which Gertrude spoke of the miserable struggle of which she was the victim, of her health giving way beneath the long and constant concealment she was obliged to practise, of her dread of "your mother, who is so proud, and who has yet been so kind, very kind, to me. It was hard enough to Mrs. Oldenshaw, you know, to have to accept Edith as a daughter-in-law; now Edith's family is good on both sides, and you know who *my* poor father was. Mrs. Oldenshaw had to struggle hard against her prejudices before she would have me as governess. What will your mother not feel in having to accept me as your wife?"

Edith had read so far in this letter with a throbbing heart and brain, a mist before her eyes that gathered over her life. She had not calmly sat in judgment upon it and weighed its meaning; she had not even finished it; and had she done so, she might have suspected that "Mrs. Oldenshaw" and "your mother" were not used as synonymous terms; also she might have suspected that this letter was not a girl's to her lover, but a wife's to her husband. Edith, in returning this letter, had owned in few words to having partly read it; and Gertrude when writing next, which she did immediately, had said—very strangely as Edith thought—how great a comfort it was to her to know that some one whom she could so absolutely trust as she could her dear Edith knew something of her secret now. "Only *something* of it, Edith; of the rest, of what I fancy from your letter you do not yet know, I dare not write, but should like to speak."

To this letter (all the correspondence had taken place in Mr. Herbert Oldenshaw's brief absence) Edith had answered by her invitation to her cousin to spend her month of holiday at Ivy Cottage.

"Her secret marriage was what she said I did not suspect, and what she dared not write of," concluded Edith, now looking over, in her own room, during her brief resting-time, those old enigmas, Gertrude's letters. "To whom *can* she be married? Not to my Herbert. What other H. Oldenshaw is there in the family? I can only think of Fred."

"Do you dare call him that now (*your* Herbert), after your thoughts have so wronged him, you presuming girl?" she asked herself. "Yes," she answered; "he is mine, and only mine!"

The very next day Mr. Oldenshaw, Edith's master, came to the cottage, and asked for Edith.

"Edith, my child, I have had a letter from Herbert. How is that poor girl upstairs to-day?"

His fingers were trembling as he sought for Herbert's letter from among others in his pocket-book.

"A little better; she has had a better night."

"And Lily, your sister?"

"Not so well. I am much afraid (the great tears gathered) she will never be so well again; she is much more lame, and the pain is constant."

"And you?"

"*You* are making *me* ill!" she said, petulantly. "Give me the letter—that is, if I may read it,"—added with new humility.

"You may: but I am afraid it will hurt you rather—"

"So much the better; I deserve to be hurt."

"Sit down."

"Certainly I shall, for I can't stand."

She laughed, but could not see Mr. Oldenshaw, or the letter, or anything, for some minutes.

"*Where* is it dated from?" she asked, by-and-by, lifting up her strained eyes. "Where is this place with a queer name?"

"In Canada."

"Oh, how far off he is—how far off he is!" cried Edith, with a plaintiff voice. "And I want him so, to tell him how sorry I am! to ask him to forgive me!"

"You know it all *before* you read the letter, then?"

"I don't know anything, except that my Herbert hasn't done anything wrong. Now, do be quiet, please."

She turned away her face then and read his letter. She read it to the end, and then she kissed it, and clasped it, and cried over it hysterically (being weak from watching.)

"Now isn't that like Herbert?" she said to Mr. Oldenshaw.

"Just like him, the noble fellow! I'm going to write to him, Edith; will you put in a note?"

"What was it you thought would pain me?" she asked, instead of answering.

"What he says about you—as if he supposed you cared nothing for him now."

"I hardly noticed that. It will be so easy to correct that little mistake."

"Will you write to him?"

"I think not. I hardly feel as if I had any right to, I have used him so badly. A note can't say anything that should be said—not one of my notes."

"If you do not write, or send a message, I shall make a message."

"You must do as you please about that." She kissed his hand, hugged Amy, and was obliged to leave him. She went upstairs to the sick room. When she entered it, Gertrude looked at her, and said (Gertrude had hardly yet looked recognizingly at anything)—

"The letter—the letter I got from my husband the day I was taken ill—where is it, Edith?"

"Lily knows; I will ask Lily."

She knew now who this husband was. Her Herbert's cousin. But why 'H,' when she only knew him as Fred?"

She got the letter from Lily, and brought it to Gertrude.

"Read it to me, darling," said the sick girl, languidly.

Edith tried, but again a mist came over her eyes. She drank a glass of water, and tried again, this time succeeding.

It was a passionate, remorseful, heart-broken letter of farewell. Gertrude's faulty husband, a weakly-impetuous, and yet fascinatingly-lovable young man, overwhelmed with debt and all kind of difficulty, and knowing that soon it would be absolutely needful that he should own his wife, had been tempted to commit forgery. His mother—Herbert Oldenshaw's mother's sister (the two sisters had married two brothers,) and a still prouder mother than the other Mrs. Oldenshaw—on discovering his secret marriage to her sister's governess, had refused him any help or countenance—had cast him off in this way, driving him to desperation. He was but a bungler at crime; he was almost immediately threatened with discovery. He was obliged to fly the country suddenly, with no time left to see his wife. This was the news of the farewell letter which had stricken poor Gertrude almost for death. His cousin he had only half confided in, or he would never have needed to take those desperate steps. And his cousin, as Herbert's letter to his brother had told Edith, after straining every nerve to obliterate all traces of his crime, had started in pursuit of him, to bring him home in safety to the possibility of leading an honored and an honorable life.

Edith knowing this, having read his letter to Gertrude, could take her hand in hers and speak words of comfort.

"Herbert is gone to him. Herbert has been working for him. Herbert will make it all right. Herbert will bring him home to you, Ger, darling! there will be no more heart-wearing concealment and pain. You will begin to be happy then. Herbert can do everything: he can even make peace between poor Fred and his mother. Why does Fred sign himself *H.* Oldenshaw, Ger?"

"His name is Herbert Frederick."

"If only my Herbert had known everything sooner," Edith said after a long pause; "and if only I had never believed anything Herbert did not tell me!"

"Your Herbert is very good," said Gertrude, faintly. "I should have sunk long ago if it had not been for my confidence in him. He was away—gone to look for Fred in town—when this came, and I thought he was too late. I thought, perhaps, Fred meant—to—to kill himself."

"No, no, no! He will come back safe, he will find you well; his mother will forgive him. All will be well."

And then while Gertrude sank to sleep again, Edith sat thinking, with down-dropping tears that begged his forgiveness, and half-murmured prayers that prayed blessings

on him—of her Herbert—if only she had never believed anything that Herbert had not told her!

CHAPTER V.

The time before Herbert and the misguided young husband could be back dragged very slowly.

Poor Frederick Oldenshaw had been always the black sheep of the family, not often among them, not often spoken of by them, and when he was, always as "Fred." Gertrude grew comparatively strong again, and moved about the house, doing her part in it. No longer the drooping love-sick girl Edith had scorned, for she had thrown off the burden of that long concealment; but she could not but be an anxious and sorrowful woman, more easily shaken by fear than moved to hope.

The sea had never before been a terror to Edith, but it was this winter. She resumed her duties as governess to the Oldenshaw children; but as she sat in their schoolroom, that heaving, seething mass which spread before the windows, was always drawing her eyes, and through them swallowing up her thoughts, her life itself, as it seemed to her sometimes.

She had plenty of sad things to think about; Miss Gaysworth did not rally, and the physician who had been summoned from town by Mr. Oldenshaw, to give an opinion of her case, had decided that the Spring, in all probability, as far as his judgment went, would not find her among them; the disease that caused her lameness, aggravated by late over-exertion, was rapidly sapping her strength, he said.

Then little Amy, the pet child, the darling so dearly bought, was fading; she did not "do lessons" now; she was always on Edith's lap through the school hours. She did not want to play now; she was in her father's arms, carried up and down in the wind and sunshine out-doors in mild weather, or in the room in-doors in harsh weather in play hours; the little face did not care to raise itself from Edith's bosom, or from Mr. Oldenshaw's cheek. She hadn't any pain, she always said, only she was tired. "Me play to-morrow, Edie; tired to-day," she said, but the playing morrow didn't come; she faded.

"Me play when Uncle Bertie come home," was another plea. Warm days came in March and warmer still in April—days of bright air and cheering sun, harmless and windless; but Lily, though she lingered, did not rally, nor did Amy.

Gertrude nursed Lily with the fullest devotion; she had heard how the fresh harm had happened, through the talk of Jane, the servant.

"My only comfort, till my poor Frederick comes home, is to spend myself for her," she pleaded to Edith. "She was always fond of me—always very good to me."

Edith stayed later and longer at the Sea-wall House, as the days lengthened, and the shadow deepened, and the little face brightened, as with light reflected from Heaven to come.

"I believe you think my heart will break when *it* comes," said Mr. Oldenshaw, one day, looking up from the child's face, and meeting the wistful longing of Edith's eyes.

They were sitting together in the sunset-sunshine in the window, Amy on Edith's lap, the other children playing in the room. Hour after hour that day the little one had lain still with closed eyes.

"I was longing with all my might to be able to do anything to comfort you," Edith answered.

"Dear child! but I am comforted always. And as to this little one, I am glad she should be with her mother. She won't take me after her, weary as I often feel; I have work to do," glancing at the other children. "Those boys and those girls hold me here. She said—'James, try and live for their sake.'"

Mr. Oldenshaw had never spoken so much as this of the dead to any one before.

Edith could not see for tears for many minutes. When her eyes were clear again the light had faded off Amy's fair locks, the sun had dipped into the sea.

The child's lids stirred, then closed; the other children played softly, obedient to papa's finger, which said, "Amy is asleep." Edith's eyes were on the child's face, so were Mr. Oldenshaw's; presently he bent closer.

The lids were half raised: the blue eyes seemed to look at him dreamily.

"Did Amy want papa?"

The father's face was put close to the child's: then it looked into Edith's; she paled, and thrilled, and clasped the little form closer; she lifted the yielding hand and held it to her mouth.

"Amy is very cold," she said. "I'll move to the fire, now the sun's gone."

"Shall we go and play in the hall, papa, as Amy's asleep?" whispered one of the boys, coming up on tiptoe.

"Yes, dear boy, do!"

They went. Edith knelt on the rug, and chafed the little hands and the feet, and talked softly to her pet.

Presently she desisted and looked blankly at Mr. Oldenshaw. He took the child from her then, and she sank down weeping, as if her heart would break.

Mr. Oldenshaw left the room; he carried the child through the playing children, who hushed as he passed to his own room, to lay it on his bed.

He had been told that death would come like this; he did not rebel against it. He locked himself in there—in communion with God and the child's mother.

Edith knelt by the fireside, weeping, weeping as if her tears would never stay; and the children played till the hall grew dark. Then they came round her.

"Amy is gone to her mother," Mr. Oldenshaw's voice said from the midst of them as they clustered round Edith. "Is is sad for us who are left to miss her, but it must be happy for her, since it is God's will—the will of that Father who loves His little ones more than any earthly father can do."

Then his voice failed him as the awe-struck, weeping children came round him. He caressed them—comforting them, speaking of Amy as taken home, to a happier home than she had known yet; speaking tenderly of death as a dear rest and great good—yet not allowing himself to speak wearily or despisingly of life to these young things, who probably had length of years before them.

Edith put the little girls to bed that night, and sat by them till they sobbed themselves to sleep. Then Mr. Oldenshaw took her home.

He sat by their fireside awhile, talking gently to Lily, who was much overcome by the news, not for Amy's sake. Amy had gone home, and Lily was often, in her constant wearing pain, full of longing for the rest of such a going home—not for Amy's sake, but for Amy's father's sake, whom Lily loved, as such a nature as hers could not help loving such a one as his. Lily's thin hand had been laid on his, and he still clasped it as he sat talking—of Amy's pretty ways and pretty pathetic sayings.

"It is a blessed thing to think that she has not suffered—that her short life has been a happy life, poor little lamb! If I loved Edith for nothing else, I should love her for her love to my Amy."

By-and-by he went away, and left three loving women sorrowing for him—following him in their sorrowful thoughts to the great Sea-wall House, to the side of the lovely, dead child.

"Has he had a letter?" asked Gertrude, by-and-by, "from his brother?"

"No, Ger. Why?" questioned Edith, quickly.

"I have heard from my husband—he wishes me to meet him on his landing. He cannot yet make up his mind to come here."

"When does he come? Does he come alone?"

"I have to calculate the time. It will be next week, I think. Strangely enough, he does not mention Herbert."

"My master will hear in a day or two, no doubt," said Edith.

That title, given in jest, loving jest, long ago, had come to be so familiar now that she used it when in most serious earnest.

A few days later, Gertrude left them, to go and meet her husband. It was a hard parting between her and Lily, though Gertrude assured herself she should see Lily again.

Little Amy was buried. It was pleasant that it was spring-time, and the fresh churchyard grass full of daisies. No letter from Herbert had come to the Sea-wall House.

The day after Gertrude went away, the day her husband was expected to reach England, Edith left Lily asleep on her couch in the afternoon, and went out. It was a mild, spring day, with a soft, hovering, dew-like, yet penetrating rain falling incessantly. Edith went out of the garden and up the road, to the spot where she had parted from Herbert, having taken back her word from him. Here she perched herself upon the wall, her feet resting upon a felled tree, and sat waiting.

It was Herbert's custom always to walk down to the Sea-wall House; to leave any vehicle he might come in at the upper village, and walk down the road.

Was Edith waiting for him now? She felt as if she was. Why should she expect him now? Because she felt him coming. She had come out late in the afternoon: it began to grow dim and dusk.

"I must go home soon, for Lily will wake and want her tea." Edith had just said this to herself when—footsteps did not sound very distinctly in the soft, damp road, but that was his. She was sitting back from the road, under over-hanging branches. All her dress that was visible was a gray cloak, the color of the wall. He came on, and did not see her; he was about to pass her.

"Herbert!" The voice was low and timid. He walked on.

"Herbert!" He paused, but did not turn.

"Herbert!" Desperately now.

He turned, and saw her.

"I had to speak three times."

"I heard the first time, but thought that it was a voice in my heart," he said.

"I have been waiting two hours."

"How so? Why did you expect me?"

"A voice in my heart!" she said; then, "Oh, Herbert! can you care for me any more? Can you forgive me?" Her face lifted up.

He pushed back her hat and looked into her eyes.

"I don't think I can care for you any more." He said then, "I care for you so much, so entirely."

She stepped back upon the tree that had been her footstool, and then from that elevation was able to throw her arms round his neck.

"My Herbert—my Herbert. Oh, you are so good to me!"

She did not soon get free again. There were only the birds to see them, and perhaps a squirrel or two.

Then, when she did get free, her hand was tucked under his arm, held there with an energy that seemed to mean to impress it there for ever, and they went down the road.

"Lily will want her tea," said Edith.

"How is Lily?" I was afraid to ask. Yours is a morning dress, is it not, Edith?"

"I meant to keep it covered for fear of shocking you. You will be so grieved, I know, dear Walter."

"Is it little Amy?"

"Yes. What made you guess it?"

"I had a dream about her; and I never thought that dear child would live. Poor James! Now, how is Lily?"

"I want you to tell me when you see her. She is changed, I fear."

A long silence.

"Gertrude met Frederick?"

"Yes. They have had a hard time of it. Now I hope they will be happy."

"Are you not going to scold me or to laugh at me?"

"Not now, my child; not now."

She was silent after that.

He went with Edith to the cottage—waited while she prepared Lily to see him, and then went in. Lily brightened up so wonderfully that Edith thought he had no chance of judging of her state.

He did not stay long at the cottage then, but went on to the Sea-wall House.

Lily had a happy summer, and did not know another winter.

And Edith—she had learned a lesson for her future days, which doubtless added greatly to the happiness of all her married life. That lesson was not to judge on any but the most positive evidence, especially against a friend, a lover, or a husband. And always to be frank and outspoken, instead of cherishing feelings of doubt, which might be as baseless as most dreams. And thus her first misunderstanding of the man so dear to her, was her last.

☞ PROTECTION FOR RAILROAD TRACKS.—To protect the railway tracks from snow-drifts, rough board fences have sometimes been erected. It is now claimed that a row of arbor vitæ, planted on the windward side of the road where it is exposed to drifts, would not only guard against such annoyances, but would be more durable than the boards, and add beauty to the roads.

☞ Iowa recently had a wedding in which a female clergyman tied the knot and officially kissed the bridegroom.

Interior of the Avondale Mine.

The Avondale Mine has been worked for two years. Three months ago, the miners struck. They resumed work on Thursday last. The mine is entered by a shaft on the hillside. This is the only entrance. Wooden buildings, one hundred feet high, and two hundred feet long, covered the mouth of the shaft. The mine was filled with narrow passages, from four to ten feet high, which occasionally opened into immense pockets or caves. A railroad track was laid on the bottom of each of these passages. The cars were filled with coal, three-quarters of a mile from the shaft, by the miners at work. The coal cars were then run through the various wooden-supported passages to the shaft. They were then run upon a platform, which was raised to the top of the shaft, the same as a common elevator or a vertical railway. When the cars reached the earth's surface, they were run out over a trestle railway through the wooden buildings and dumped. The coal would fall in huge screens, where, in some cases, it was properly assorted, and then dumped into the cars of the Bloomsburg and Lackawana Railroad, by which means it was taken to market.

A person wishing to enter the mine would get into an empty coal car, which was then run upon the elevator at the top of the shaft. At a given signal, the empty car would drop, and at the same time a loaded car would ascend the double shaft. As the bottom was struck, the empty car would glide off into a dark passage, and a loaded care would take its place. In an instant, a mule would be hitched to the empty car, which would be drawn at a rapid rate to the foot of an inclined plane. Here a train of light cars would be formed, which were then drawn up the plane by the simultaneous descent of a train of loaded cars.

The various veins of coal in the Avondale Mine are some nine feet thick, and have a gentle upward slove. A passage-way is cut along each vein. These tunnels are fearfully dark. Their only light is that from the miners' lamps. These safety-lamps are worn on the miners' hats.

The "breasts" in which the mining is carried on sometimes resemble huge halls and rooms. One vein in the Avondale Mine is thirty feet thick, and the gallery along this vein is correspondingly large. The mine is simply a vast net work of black labyrinths, expanding occasionally into immense pockets or "breasts," where larger blasts than usual are made. The coal is cracked by these blasts, and loosened by the pick and shovel, after which the cars are filled. The miners work in these dark galleries in groups of from five to a dozen men. The cars hold about two tons apiece. In brisk times, the mine will turn out five hundred tons per day. The miners proper work by the carload, and easily make five dollars per day. The mule boys generally get five dollars per week. The men who handle the cars and attend to the hoisting are also paid by the week.

As there was but one main shaft to the Avondale Mine, its ventilation was difficult. It had not been worked for some time, and much foul air had collected in the damp places. Beside the bad air generated by the men and horses, and by the burning of lamps and gunpowder, inflammable gases issue from crevices in the coal. These gases mingle with the foul air of the mine, and will explode on the approach of a lighted candle. This gas is the fire-damp so much dreaded by the miners. To breathe it thirty seconds, is sure death.

The fire-damp is composed of carburetted hydrogen, and the choke-damp of carbonic. When blasting for coal, it will frequently issue in jets called blowers. At times, when the cavities are broken into the coal by picks or crowbars, these blowers will burst out, creating a singing noise by the force-current. The great danger is from opening pent-up reservoirs, holding under great pressure, immense bodies of gas disseminated through large areas of coal, or collected in abandoned workings.

When such bodies are inflamed, the whole atmosphere of that portion of the mine explodes, and the coal dust floating through the passages is ignited. The mine is like the interior of a fiery furnace. The flames rush through the long corridors, causing repeated explosions. In some cases, they spring up the shafts, as if issuing from the crater of the volcano. The subterranean walls are frequently shaken as if by an earthquake. The miners in the workings, their lights blown out by the force of the explosion, hasten through the dark passages, stumbling over heaps of rubbish.

It is possible that the accident at the Avondale Mine was caused by one of these explosions. Persons entering the mine complain of the sulphurous fumes choking up the corridors. The mine was ventilated by a furnace at the bottom of the shaft. By this furnace the air was made to circulate through the complicated passages of the mine. The air for feeding the furnace was of course drawn from the lower part of the mine.

Avondale Mine has but one shaft. That was divided by an air-tight partition into an upcast and a downcast. The fresh air was introduced by the downcast. Partitions across the passages below caused the air to pass to any and all desired points before it reached the passage leading to the furnace. Ingenious expedients were adopted to regulate the currents of air, and to cause only the air which had passed through the purer portions of the mine to feed the fire, lest the more impure currents should become inflamed, and the explosions follow back into the most remote workings. The partitions across the great gangways along which the coal was run to the shaft, was furnished with doors, which were opened and shut as the coal cars passed through. Thus the furnace was the sole means of ventilation.

The cause of the disaster will never be known. At early morn, a stream of fire shot up the shaft with frightful rapidity, and the buildings above were wrapped in flames so quickly that the engineers and others barely had time to escape. The wood of the shaft either caught fire from the furnace, or the rushing blaze came from the lighting of a fire-damp within the mine. The dryness of the mine favors the former supposition, but the sulphurous gases choking the explorers, and the fleetness of the fire, would indicate an iguition of a fire-damp. In either case, every soul in the mine has perished.—*N. Y. Sun.*

[*Note.*—It is a curious fact that those who are used to working in the mines, prefer it to working above ground.—*Ed. Post.*]

☞ To think kindly of each other is good, to speak kindly of each other is better, but to act kindly one toward another best of all.

Visit of "Friends" to Palestine.

Early last spring the well-known Orthodox Friends, Eli and Sybil Jones, with a few others, reached Palestine on a tour of missionary observation. Their letters, published on their return to England, reported that they met with nothing but welcome, even in Moslem villages. They presented a broad Gospel to their hearers, referring, of course, to the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, but making prayer in the name of Jesus. Sometimes their gatherings contain Jew, Christian, Mussulman, and Samaritan, all peaceful together. The quiet Quaker manner has a charm for them all. At or near Nablous, where the Moslem feeling is considered strong, they were listened to with respectful attention, "no attempt being made violently to combat their errors, but rather faithfully and in love to show them the more excellent way." Sybil Jones appealed to the men to put woman in her proper place. What most impressed the minds of the people was, that the Friends had come so far for no other purpose than to do them good; "no one had ever done so before, no one had ever spoken such words." The party moved from place to place, pitching and striking their tents, and accompanied by an interpreter and a set of muleteers, all heartily helping them. The women gladly received needles and thread; but, when spoken to about their souls, said in a melancholy way that they had none, or no time to think of them. Endor, one of the many historic places they visited, is "the most witch-like place that can well be imagined," and the town "frightfully dirty." At Nazareth they found a girl's boarding-school kept by two young ladies from England, with twelve boarders and about thirty day scholars, all nice children. Sybil Jones addressed them all, and gave them a treat in the tents, themselves before the baggage had come up having lodged the first night in the Latin Convent, and "very comfortably." At Beyrout the Joneses addressed eight hundred children belonging to Miss E. M. Thompson's schools. They then took ship for Athens, found that many of the Cretan children had returned home benefitted by what they had learned in the schools at Athens, and leaving about three hundred still in main Greece. They reached London July 10, and subsequently sailed for this country.—*N. Y. Christian Advocate.*

Wide-Awake Minds.

If you desire to accomplish anything of importance in the world, children, you must have your minds wide-awake. Many are mentally in a doze all their waking hours. Things pass before their minds and awaken no more thought and feeling than do the pictures of a dream. But it is these little every-day matters turned to their best account by thoughtful minds, that have given rise to the greatest inventions and discoveries.

When one of the lamps of the Cathedral of Pisa had been filled with oil, it was left swinging by its brazen chains. Probably hundreds of listless worshippers had watched similar movements of the Cathedral lamps; but Galileo was the first to notice that those movements were in equal times. And then the thought flashed through his busy brain, that this principle might be made of use in measuring time. It took him fifty years to perfect his invention of a pendulum, but it is one of the greatest service to us, and of untold importance in astronomical science.

So when Sir Samuel Brown was studying over the subject of a cheap bridge across the Thames, he got an idea in his morning walk through his garden, that led to the greatest results. And who do you suppose his teacher was? A tiny spider which had thrown a dew-spangled net across his path.

"Why not construct a bridge of chains or iron ropes," he thought, "to span the river?" and so the wonderful suspension bridge was invented.

The little ship-worm gave the first lesson to the great engineer, Brunel, about the construction of the Thames tunnel; and a lobster-shell suggested to James Watt the plan of an iron tube to carry water along the uneven bed of the river Clyde.

We should not despise lessons of wisdom from even the humblest of God's creatures. Remember who it was that said, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise." You must shake off sloth and indifference, and have your mind wide-awake if you would find "books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything." J. E. McC.

A Successful Career.

In the early rush to California, a poor boy, named Charles Crocker, crossed the Missouri with an ox team at Omaha, on his toilsome overland journey to the new gold regions. Last Friday—nineteen years afterward to a day—he arrived at Omaha on his first return visit to his old Eastern home. He came accompanied by his family, in his own special car, for he is now superintendent of the Central Pacific Railroad, and every mile of it has been built under his supervision. He may well feel an honorable pride in the great work with which he has been so closely identified. His party were four days from Sacramento to Omaha; and on arriving there delighted the citizens with blooming flowers, and feasted them upon berries, oranges, and luscious cherries from California, brought upon Alaska ice, 1,800 miles, through the green valleys of the Pacific slope, and through the lingering snow-drifts of the Rocky Mountains. It seems like a story from the Arabian Nights.

An Old Notion Combated.

Families suffer in health, and dwellings are injured, by the foolish practice of evaporating water in connection with stoves and furnaces. No family should allow several pailsful of water to be changed into vapor every week, to hang in the atmosphere of rooms, and impinge upon furniture and walls. A pailful of water makes seventeen hundred and twenty-eight pailsful of steam. What an atmosphere this must produce for human beings to live in! Is it natural? Is it pleasant? Is it healthful? No. We have always found the most cases of croup, influenza, rheumatism, coughs, &c., in families who entertain the erroneous and vulgar idea that much moisture is essential to health. A better system of ventilation, a more careful adjustment of temperature is what is wanted in our dwellings—not an abnormal steam-impregnated atmosphere.—*Dr. E. C. Marcy, Journal of Chemistry.*

☞ The master of ceremonies at a recent Boston funeral announced:—"The corpse's cousins will now come forward."

The Man Who Laughs.

Probably a good many of our readers will like to know what Victor Hugo's last romance is all about, while they recoil from the great labor of reading it. Therefore we quote the following summary from the N. Y. Tribune:

"The admirers of Victor Hugo have never before been so sorely tried as in this latest creation of his unruly genius. The golden ore of his poetical fancy is always mixed more or less with the dross of extravagance and affectation; but here the base earth so abounds that we doubt whether the ore is worth extracting. There are scenes of great power—such as the grand but over-elaborated storm at sea—descriptions marvellously rich and vivid, and a few passages of tender beauty; but the extravagance is so wild, the sentiment drops so frequently into sentimentality, the straining for theatrical effect is so painful, the story is so repulsive, the blunders are so tremendous, and the deluge of words is so overwhelming, that no reader of average common sense can keep his patience. The scene is laid in England in the time of Queen Anne, and M. Hugo is understood to pride himself upon the fidelity with which he has painted the society and manners of the age and country, and the genealogical lore which he has lavished upon his account of the British peerage. Yet if his purpose had been to burlesque French writers, upon English affairs, he could not have made his mistakes funnier. He has a description of a prize-fight, for instance, between an Irishman bearing the highly characteristic name of Phlem-ghe-Madone, and a Scotch pugilist with the equally appropriate appellation of Helmsgail. The nobility act as bottle-holders and umpires, and a duchess is one of the spectators. Helmsgail beats in his adversary's breast by what is declared a foul blow, but the mill is allowed to go on with the understanding that the Irishman shall have the privilege of striking a foul blow also! So Phelem-ghe-Madone hits the Scotchman in the navel, and Helmsgail, as the translator neatly expresses it, 'rattled in the throat.' There is a debate in the House of Lords almost as good and almost as violent; there probably never was a legislative assembly anywhere in which it could have taken place except the New York Common Council. The Man who Laughs bears the very English name of Gwynplaine. He is the son and heir of an exiled Lord Clancharlie, and at the age of two has been sold by order of King James II. to a band of *Comprachicos* or professional manufacturers of human monstrosities, who by a surgical operation stamp upon his face a perpetual and involuntary laugh. He is brought up as a mountebank, and loves a blind girl called Dea, who performs with him, but he fascinates the lovely 'Duchess Josiane,' who being eccentric, sensual, and in fact a good deal of a rowdy, loves him because he is so horrible. The secret of his birth being discovered by one Barkilphedro (an other English name,) he is installed in the peerage and admitted to the House of Lords, where he immediately makes a passionate speech full of the very noblest rhapsodies. 'My lords,' he says, on rising, 'I impart to you a novelty. The human race exists.' The mutilated face, however, is too much for their lordships. 'They bounded on their seats; they cried encore! they writhed; they stamped their feet; they clutched hold of each other's collars. The lords laughed, the bishops laughed, the judges laughed. The old men's bench smoothed its wrinkles, the children's bench wriggled. The Archbishop of Canterbury jogged the elbow of the Archbishop of York. Henry Compton, Bishop of Loudon, brother of the Earl of Northampton, was holding his sides. The Lord Chancellor lowered his eyes to hide his probable laugh. And at the bar, that statue of respect, the usher of the black rod, was laughing.' Gwynplaine throws aside his greatness and rushes back to his mountebank's booth, just in time to receive the last sigh of Dea. Then he stretches forth his arms and walks calmly into the river. As there was no real poetry in his life, so there is neither beauty nor dignity in its cowardly termination.

"The minor personages in the story are capable of affording a good deal of amusement. There is Lord David Dirry-Moir, the supposed heir of Clancharlie, who masquerades now and then as a sailor under the true British name of 'Tom-Jim-Jack.' He challenges a whole batch of lords to a duel; one chooses for weapon the pistol, another the claymore, another the sword. 'I said Escrick, the ancient combat of the list, with mace and dagger. I, said Holderness, the duel with two knives, the long and the short, naked upward from the waist and body to body. I, said the Duke Ralph, I prefer boxing. It is more noble.' This little business settled, Tom-Jim-Jack slaps Gwynplaine in the face and says, 'I will send you my seconds. To-morrow we will cut each other's throats.' There is an innkeeper called Master Nicless. This, says M. Hugo, is the English pronunciation of Nicholas. His pot-boy rejoices in the national name of Govicum. The inn was situated in the suburb of Southwark, then pronounced 'Soudric' and now called 'Sousouro—or nearly so!' In like manner, says our author, Chatham used to be pronounced '*Je t'aime*,' and Southampton is called 'Stputn.' There is very little attempt to delineate character. Ursus, the kind-hearted growling philosopher, is drawn with a firmer hand than any of the other personages, but he loses all his philosophy in presence of a constable, and becomes a mere vulgar poltroon—a common-place charlatan. None of the others have any character at all except the Duchess Josiane, who describes herself as being internally the monster which Gwynplaine is externally. She is, however, far from a successful effort."

☞ Chicago is a place of novelties. A man was recently tried there for bigamy, and a clear case was proven against him, but he got out of the trouble by shooting one of his wives before conviction.

☞ Henry Rochefort, the brilliant satirist of Louis Napoleon, declines to accept the amnesty tendered him by the Emperor, on the ground that he cannot accept favors from a person to whom he has "not been introduced!"

☞ Byron has achieved so much fame lately, that he is to be made the hero of an opera, while there is talk of giving him a monument in Westminster Abbey.

☞ A Hartford child fell out of a third-story window and was picked up from the pavement below unhurt. Next morning it fell out of bed and broke its neck.

☞ A young lady goes into ecstacies over her new bonnet: "Oh, the lovely little pancake—the charming little mat! It makes my head so level, and so very, very flat!"

Letter of Lady Byron's Solicitors Commenting on Mrs. Stowe's Story.

To the Editor of the London Herald.

SIR:—As the solicitors of the descendants and representatives of the late Lady Noel Byron, for whose family we have acted for upwards of half a century, we request your permission to publish in your columns the following observations relative to an article which has just appeared in Macmillan's Magazine:

The article in question is entitled "The True Story of Lady Byron's Life," and Mrs. H. B. Stowe is announced to be the writer of it.

Of the paper itself we should probably have abstained from taking any public notice if it had appeared in a less respectable journal than Macmillan, or if even in this periodical the authoress had been allowed to tell her story without editorial preface or comment. The editor of Macmillan, however, has not only admitted Mrs. Stowe's article, but he has prefixed to it a note in which he authoritatively proclaims to the world that "the paper on Lady Byron's life and relations to Lord Byron is the complete and authentic statement of the whole circumstances of that disastrous affair." Nay, more, "that this paper is, in fact, Lady Byron's own statement of the reasons which forced her to the separation which she so long resisted." Again, the editor states that the contribution of Mrs. Stowe supplies "evidence at once new and direct" on Lady Byron's history.

We, as the family solicitors, beg most distinctly to state that the article is not "a complete" or "authentic statement" of the facts connected with the separation; that it cannot be regarded as Lady Byron's own statement, and that it does not involve any direct evidence on Lady Byron's history.

Instead of direct evidence, Mrs. Stowe has nothing to communicate but her recollections of a conversation which took place thirteen years ago and her recollections of a manuscript which she states that Lady Byron at that time gave her to peruse, and which, according to her own showing, she read under very great excitement. These circumstances, probably, account for several obvious errors into which Mrs. Stowe has fallen, such as assigning two years, instead of thirteen months, as the period during which Lady Byron resided under the same roof with her husband and similar inaccuracies, to which, for the present purpose, it is unnecessary to allude.

Without for a moment conceding that Mrs. Stowe's narrative contains a complete account of Lady Byron's relations with her husband, we must protest against it as being professedly—First, a gross breach of the trust and confidence stated to have been reposed in her; second, as inconsistent with her own recommendation to Lady Byron; and third, as an ignorant violation (at least, we shall in charity suppose Mrs. Stowe to be ignorant) of the express terms of Lady Byron's last will and testament.

First, as relates to a breach of trust. Mrs. Stowe states she was consulted in an interview, which, to use her own words, "had almost the solemnity of a death-bed," not as to whether she would undertake the production of Lady Byron's married history, but only as to the policy of publishing such a history at all. Second, Mrs. Stowe, on her own admission, returned to Lady Byron the brief memorandum paper which had been entrusted to her with the statement that "Lady Byron would be entirely justifiable in leaving the truth to be disclosed after her death, and recommended that all facts necessary should be put in the hands of some persons to be so published." Thirdly, Lady Byron did, by her last will and testament, executed a few days only before her decease, bequeath to three persons as trustees all her manuscripts, to be by them first sealed up and afterwards deposited in a bank, in the names of such trustees, and she directed that no one else, however nearly connected with her, should, upon any plea whatsoever, be allowed to have access to or inspect such documents which the trustees thereof were alone to make use of as they might judge to be best for the interests of her grand-children. Mrs. Stowe is not one of these three. Her paper is entirely gratuitous and unauthorized. It is, as we have said, not consistent with her own counsel; it is an offence against Lady Byron's dying wishes, and the authoress has written in utter disregard of the feelings of those grand-children of whom she speaks in a vague fulsome way as "some of the best and noblest of mankind."

The appearance of the volumes about Lord Byron, by the Countess Guiccioli, is alleged by Mrs. Stowe as the main reason which induced her to publish her story; but if Lady Byron's descendants, her personal and trusted friends in this country, suffer the slanders of the Countess Guiccioli to pass uncontradicted (for, to use Mrs. Stowe's own expression, of what value was the outcry of the "mistress" against the wife), their silence should surely have led Mrs. Stowe to hesitate before giving to the world a statement which, however it may affect the memories of the dead, must inevitably inflict much pain on the living.

"Lady Byron's own statement" is in the possession of those who love her memory too well to make a rash use of it; and if the world is ever to learn the true story of Lady Byron's life, it will learn it from them.

It would have been in better taste if Mrs. Stowe and the editor of Macmillan's Magazine had imitated the "religious silence" which the latter so much commends in the case of Lady Byron. Meanwhile, Lady Byron's descendants and representatives entirely and absolutely disclaim all countenance of Mrs. Stowe's article, which has been published without their privity or consent. We are, sir, your obedient servants,

WHARTON & FORDS.

8 *Lincoln-inn-fields, September* 1.

☞ The milk in New York, according to the investigations of the Board of Health of that city, comes from the wholesale dealer in nearly every instance in an adulterated condition, and it is further largely adulterated before it passes into the hands of individual consumers. Standard milk, it is stated, should contain 87 to 89 parts of fluid, and 13 to 11 parts of solid substances; but in many instances in New York the water was as high as 93 parts.

☞ Of seventy women who went to Oregon from Massachusetts two years ago, sixty-nine are married. How many regret the change, is not stated.

☞ EFFECT OF THE ECLIPSE.—Wife of his Bosom—"Now, Bloggs, what on earth is the matter with you?"

Bloggs—"Nothing's the matter with me, but I'd like ter know (hic) how you can stan up with the darn house a rockin' and pitchin, thunnern' an lightenin', with those here (hic) Eclipses."

Rates of Advertising.

Thirty cents a line for the first insertion.

Twenty cents for each additional insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—There has been rather more inquiry. 900 bbls City Mills family sold at $6,90; 200 bbls do at $8, and 10,000 bbls at $5@5,75 for superfine; $5,50@6,25 for extra; $6,50@7,75 for low grade and fancy Northwest family; $6,50@7,25 for Penna family; $7@7,75 for Ohio and Indiana family, and $8@10 ₱ bbl for fancy brands. 300 bbls of Rye Flour sold at $6,25@6,37½.

GRAIN—Wheat has been in fair demand. 60,000 bus of Penna, Western and Southern red sold at $1,50@$1,55, the latter rate for choice amber; and 10,000 bus of white at $1,60@1,70 ₱ bus, according to quality. Rye—8000 bus of Penna and Western sold at $1,15@1,18 ₱ bus. Corn—20,000 bus of prime Penna and Delaware yellow sold at $1,90; 50,000 bus of No. 1 mixed at $1,15@1,16, and 30,000 bus of No. 2 mixed at $1,08@1,12 ₱ bus, as to condition. Oats—Sales of 70,000 bus at 52@53c for Southern, 57@60c for Western, and 62@63c for bright Penna.

PROVISIONS—The market continues quiet. Sales of 500 bbls Mess Pork at $32,50@33, and prime Mess at $30 ₱ barrel. City packed Mess Beef sells at $23. Beef Hams are held at $32,50@33,50. Bacon—Sales of plain and fancy canvassed Hams at 19½@21½c; Excelsior Hams at 23c, Sides at 19@20½c, and Shoulders at 16@16½c. Green Meats—Sales of 300 tcs pickled Hams at 18½@19c; and Shoulders at 14½@15c. Lard—Sales of 450 bbls and tcs at 19@19½c for steam and kettled rendered, and kegs at 20½c. Butter—Sales are making at 26@30c for Western; 40@46c for New York; 18@30c for solid packed. Cheese sells at 15½@16c ₱ lb. Eggs are selling at 25@30c ₱ doz.

COTTON—Sales of 600 bales of Middlings at 29@30c for Uplands, and 31@32c ₱ lb for New Orleans.

BARK—30 hhds No 1 Quercitron sold at $35 ₱ ton.

FRUIT—Dried Fruit: 1200 bbls dried Blackberries sold at 15@15½c ₱ lb; dried Apples at 7@11c; quarter Peaches at 8c, and halves at 10c ₱ lb. Green Fruit—Peaches sell at 50c@$2,50 ₱ basket, and green Apples at $1,50@4 ₱ bbl.

HAY—Sales of Prime Timothy Hay, ₱ 100 lbs, $1,55@1,60; mixed $1,25@1,40; Straw $1,25@1,40.

HOPS—We quote prime new at 20@27c.

IRON—Pig Iron continues dull. Small sales of No 1 at $40; No 2 at $38@39, and No 3 at $35@36,50. Manufactured Iron; sales of bars at $85.

SEEDS—We quote Clover at $7@8,50; 120 bus Timothy at $4,75@5, and Flaxseed at $2,50@2,56.

WOOL.—Sales of 70,000 lbs at 32@37c for unwashed; 50@60c for tub, and 47@51c for mixed and fine fleece.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2350 head. The prices realized from 8½@9 cts ₱ lb. 150 Cows brought from $40 to 60 ₱ head. Sheep—11,000 head were disposed of at from 5@5¾c ₱ lb. 2300 Hogs sold at from $14,00 to 14,50 ₱ 100 lbs.

Remarkable Success!

The New Standard and Popular Work for Cabinet Organs and Melodeons.

CLARKE'S NEW METHOD

FOR

REED ORGANS.

The best teachers and players are using it. Price, $2.50. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., 277 Washington St., Boston.
CHARLES H. DITSON & CO., 711 Broadway, New York.

AGENTS WANTED FOR

Secrets of the Great City,

A Work descriptive of the VIRTUES, and the VICES, the MYSTERIES, MISERIES and CRIMES of New York City.

It contains 35 fine engravings; and is the Spiciest, most Thrilling, Instructive, and Cheapest work published.

Agents are meeting with unprecedented success. One in Marlborough, Mass., reports 36 subscribers in a day. One in Luzerne Co., Pa., 44 in a day. One in Meriden, Ct., 68 in two days, and a great many others from 100 to 200 per week. Send for circulars and see our terms, and a full description of the work. Address JONES BROTHERS & CO., Philadelphia, Pa. *Published in both English and German.* aug14-3m

AGENTS WANTED FOR

"WONDERS OF THE WORLD,"

COMPRISING

Startling Incidents, Interesting Scenes and Wonderful Events, in all Countries, all Ages, and among all *People.*

BY C. G. ROSENBERG.

OVER ONE THOUSAND ILLUSTRATIONS

By the most distinguished Artists in Europe and America.

The largest, best illustrated, most exciting, amusing, instructive, entertaining, startling, humorous, and attractive subscription book ever published. Send for circulars with terms at once. Address

UNITED STATES PUBLISHING CO., 411 Broome St., New York, 129 South Clark St., Chicago, Ill. jy3-3m

CRAMPTON'S IMPERIAL LAUNDRY SOAP contains a large per centage of VEGETABLE OIL, is warranted fully equal to the best imported Castile Soap, and at the same time possesses all the washing and cleansing properties of the celebrated French and German laundry soaps. CRAMPTON BROS., 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 Rungers-place, and 33 and 35 Jefferson St. Office 84 Front St., New York. sep22-3m

ECLECTIC MEDICAL COLLEGE OF PENNSYLVANIA.—Lectures commence Oct. 4th, 1869. Thirty students taken at $30. No other expenses. For particulars, address JOSEPH SITES, M. D., 314 Pine St., Philadelphia, Pa. jy31-3m

SEND 25 CENTS IMMEDIATELY for the *BRIGHT SIDE*, one year; one of the *prettiest*, altogether the *cheapest*, and many say the *best* paper ever published for young people.

Specimen for stamp. Say where you saw this advertisement.

ALDEN & TRUE, Publishers, Chicago, Ill. sep25-tf

$100 TO $250 PER MONTH GUARANTEED.—*Sure pay.* Salaries paid weekly to Agents everywhere selling our *Patent Everlasting White Wire Clothes Lines.* Call at or write for particulars to the GIRARD WIRE MILLS, 261 North Third St., Philadelphia, Pa. sep11-cowtf

SPARKLING BEAUTIES are Ladies' and Gents'. Lace Diamond Pins and Rings. For exquisite specimen address, with 24 cents, PAUL LEE & CO., 1272 Broadway, New York, (dealers in Real and Artificial Gems.) sep25-tf

SALESMEN.—Wanted, a few reliable, energetic salesmen, to sell by sample standard goods. Address H. H. RICHARDS & CO., 413 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. sep25-tf

LADY AGENTS WANTED in every city and town in the United States and Canada to sell "The Empress, or Lady's Companion," an article required by every female. Agents can make from $5 to $10 a day. Send for circular. MADAME DE VOE, 746 Broadway, New York. sep11-2t

VINEGAR. HOW MADE FROM Cider, Wine, Molasses, or Sorghum in 10 hours, without using drugs. For circulars, address F. I. SAGE, Vinegar Maker, Cromwell, Conn. aug21-1y

SHERMAN

RUPTURED PERSONS NOTIFIED.

Dr. J. A. SHERMAN, Artistic Surgeon, respectfully notifies his patients, and the large number of afflicted persons who have called at his office during his absence, anxious to receive the aid of his experience, that he has returned from his professional visit to Havana, and will be prepared to receive them at his office, No. 607 Broadway, New York City.

Dr. SHERMAN'S inventions are the only established, secure, and comfortable radical curatives for Hernia, or Rupture, in all its varied forms and stages, in persons of every age, without regard to the duration of the disease.

Dr. SHERMAN is the founder of the "Marado Grande," Havana, Cuba, established several years since for the treatment, by his method, of this most terrible of all human afflictions, where, from the good result of his personal attention, the afflicted, rather than trust themselves to the care of his pupils, await his periodical visits.

Descriptive circulars, with photographic likenesses of cases cured, and other particulars, mailed on receipt of two postage stamps. je19-1y

NEW

CRAYONS.

NEW

WENDEROTH, TAYLOR & BROWN'S

LATEST NOVELTY.

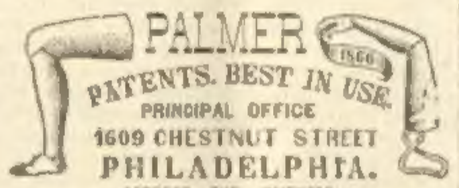
Connoisseurs in Art, and all who are tired of the old style of photographs, are invited to examine these new Pictures as they pass the Gallery of the undersigned.

914 CHESTNUT STREET.

These beautiful effects, first introduced by this firm, are precisely those of the fine French lithographs "*Aux Deux Crayons*," and may be imparted to all sizes of portraiture from the Carte de Visite to the largest heads.

Wenderoth, Taylor & Brown.

ap17-tf



DR. B. FRANK. PALMER, PRES'T A.A.L.INS CO.

These inventions stand approved as the "best" by the most eminent Scientific and Surgical Societies of the world, the inventor having been honored with the award of FIFTY GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS (or "First Prizes"), including the GREAT MEDALS of the WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON AND NEW YORK; also the most Honorary Report of the great SOCIETY OF SURGEONS OF PARIS, giving his Patents place above the ENGLISH and FRENCH.

DR. PALMER gives personal attention to the business of his profession, aided by men of the best qualifications and greatest experience. He is specially commissioned by the GOVERNMENT, and has the patronage of the prominent OFFICERS of the ARMY and NAVY. SIX MAJOR-GENERALS and more than a thousand less distinguished officers and soldiers have worn the PALMER LIMBS on active duty, while still greater numbers of eminent civilians are, by their aid, filling important positions, and effectually conceal their misfortune.

All Genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

The well-known LINCOLN ARM is also made *solely* by this Company. This Arm has the patronage of the U. S. GOVERNMENT.

To avoid the imposition of PIRATICAL COPYISTS, apply only to DR. PALMER, as above directed. oct30-1y

AGENTS WANTED FOR

Sights and Secrets

OF THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

A work descriptive of Washington City; its high and low life, magnificent public buildings, hidden mysteries, villanies and corruptions, the inside workings of the Government. Showing how the public money is squandered; how rings are managed; how officials are blackmailed; how counterfeiting is carried on; and all about female lobby members, lady clerks, &c. It is the spiciest, most thrilling, instructive, and startling book published.

☞ Send for circulars and see our terms, and a full description of the work. Address

UNITED STATES PUBLISHING CO., 411 Broome St., New York. ap17-6m

PRACTICAL BUSINESS EDUCATION.

Young Men and Adults Practically Educated for the COUNTING-HOUSE and Business Life, at

Crittenden's Commercial College,

637 Chestnut St., Cor. of Seventh.

ESTABLISHED 1844. INCORPORATED 1855.

The longest established, the best organized, and the most largely attended Commercial College in the city. In the practical value of its well-tried course of instruction, and in the number of applications received from business houses for its graduates to fill vacant positions it is unequalled.

The instruction includes—

BOOK-KEEPING in all its branches, as practiced by the best accountants and business men.

PENMANSHIP. A free, rapid and beautiful style of business writing taught by a superior penman. Ornamental Writing taught when required.

COMMERCIAL CALCULATIONS, including the best short and improved methods in actual use.

BUSINESS PAPERS, Business Practices, Commercial Law, &c.

Students received at any time and instructed at such hours as may best suit their convenience. Instruction given day and evening.

Circulars and information furnished on application. sep11-tf

Have you seen it? If not, ☞ Send for Circular.

THE SCIENCE of A NEW LIFE

A New Book, of great importance and intense interest to the married and those about to marry. Address (with stamp,) COWAN & CO., 746 Broadway, New York City.

☞ Agents Wanted everywhere. sep11-6m

THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE.

Magnifying 500 *times*, *mailed* for 50 CENTS. THREE *for* $1.00. Address F. P. BOWEN, Box 220, Boston, Mass. je27-tf

WHISKEY, 10 cents a gallon; instructions 25 cents. Address Box 14, Port Deposit, Md. jy3-3m

THE

Berkshire Life Insurance Co.,

PITTSFIELD, MASS.,

Hon. THOS. M. PLUNKETT, President.

JAMES FRANCIS, Vice President.

BENJ. CHICKERING, Sec'y and Treasurer.

JACOB L. GREENE, Assistant Secretary.

This company offers *Greater Inducements to Policy Holders than any other company in the country.*

It has a Perpetual Charter, a Purely Mutual Plan, Assets over a Million and a Quarter, able and trustworthy officers, An enviable reputation of seventeen years standing.

The BERKSHIRE was the FIRST COMPANY in the United States to make ALL of its Policies NON-FORFEITABLE.

Every Policy issued by this Company since April, A. D. 1861, is NON-FORFEITABLE, and so *expressed* in the Policy.

An ANNUAL Payment Life Policy is NOT FORFEITED by failure to pay Premium when due, but is continued in force under the Massachusetts Law of April, 1861.

EXAMPLE AT AGE 35.

One annual payment keeps the policy in force two years and three days.
Two annual payments, four years and twelve days.
Three annual payments, six years and twenty-seven days.
Four annual payments, eight years and forty-six days.
Five annual payments, ten years and thirty-six days.
Six annual payments, twelve years and forty-one days.
Nineteen annual payments, thirty years and a hundred and sixty-one days.

All Profits Equitably Divided annually among the insured on the *Contribution Plan*, affording an Annual Dividend to Policy Holders ranging from **Thirty to Seventy per cent.** of the premium.

WM. H. GRAVES, General Agent.

PHILADELPHIA OFFICE, 329 Walnut Street.

GOOD AGENTS WANTED.

CALL OR SEND FOR A CIRCULAR. feb13-1y

TO THE BOOK TRADE.

DR. CHASE'S RECIPES; OR, INFORMATION FOR EVERYBODY, a book of 384 pages of *practical* information for physicians, and all branches of mechanics, farriers, farmers, and for general family use, is now

OPEN TO THE TRADE.

This is the *most practical* book of Recipes in the WORLD. Evidence—over 350,000 copies of the work have been sold. Every book store should have from a dozen to 100 copies.

For one copy enclose $1.25. For *price list* to dealers, send for a circular.

Editors who will give this advertisement one insertion, and send us a marked copy, will receive the book post-paid.

THE JUDD FAMILY; OR, AN EVENING VISIT, AND WHAT CAME OF IT, will be ready for agents in August.

Address A. W. CHASE, M. D., July, 1869. Ann Arbor, Mich. sep4-4t

"Their Name is Legion."—Dyspepsia is the parent of more evils than flew out of Pandora's box. Biliousness, sour stomach, headache, constipation, nervous debility, nausea, and indescribable mental misery are among its terrible offspring. Give them all the *coup de grace* with TARRANT'S EFFERVESCENT SELTZER APERIENT, which renovates and regulates the bowels, tones the stomach, and is a sure remedy for indigestion and all its concomitants.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

CANCER

Cured without pain, use of the knife, or caustic burning. Circulars sent free of charge. Address, DRS. BABCOCK & SON, mar27-6m 700 Broadway, New York.

CURL YOUR HAIR

THE RECEIPT, an entirely new Discovery, for making Straight Hair Curl, and remaining so, mailed for two stamps. Address E. THORNTON, Hoboken, New Jersey. sep25-6m

PERSONAL.—I can furnish constant employment for leisure hours and evenings in a genteel, honorable and profitable business. From $1 to $5 per evening, and a proportionate profit to persons devoting their whole time to the business. Women and children can do it. I will send full particulars, with sample of business, by mail, for ten cents. Address F. C. BARKER, Salem, Mass. aug28-5t

A LADY WHO HAS BEEN CURED of great nervous debility, after many years of misery, desires to make known to all fellow sufferers the sure means of relief.

Address, enclosing a stamp, MRS. M. MERRITT, P. O. Box 5033, Boston, Mass., and the prescription will be sent free by return mail. sep11-8t

$20 A DAY to Male and Female agents to introduce the BUCKEYE $20 SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINES. Stitch alike on both sides, and is the only LICENSED SHUTTLE MACHINE sold in the United States for less than $40. All others are infringements, and the seller and user are liable to prosecution and imprisonment. *Outfit Free.* Address W. A. HENDERSON & CO., Cleveland, Ohio. aug21-3m

"QUEEN PICTURE," for Bar Rooms, Send 10 cents to Box 14, Port Deposit, Maryland. sep 18-3m

Persons thinking of advertising to any extent will do well before making contracts to apply to

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.

Advertising Agents,

for an estimate. They have unequalled facilities for securing an insertion of advertisements in all newspapers and periodicals at low rates. Address them at

40 PARK ROW, N.Y.

inclosing stamp for their circular containing the names of more than One Thousand Newspapers and cost of advertising in them.

TYLER WATER WHEELS.—Over 8,000 in operation. Address the m'f'rs, *Sullivan Machine Co., Claremont, N. H.*, for reduced price list.

THOMPSON'S PATENT

SLEEPING COLLAR,

For Retaining Bed-Clothes over Children.

Allows perfect freedom of movement. Effectually secures the Bed-Clothes. Applied in a moment and requires no further trouble.

[From Mrs. Stowe's *Hearth and Home*, Aug. 14.]

"A simple and effective contrivance for keeping the bed-clothes on children who kick in their sleep. Parents who find that their children are constantly taking cold because they throw the covering off, can surely afford to invest a dollar in an article which obviates this difficulty.

Sent, post-paid, on receipt of $1.

THOMPSON BROS., 39 Park Row, New York.

$1140. **How I made it in 6 months.** Secret and sample mailed free. *A. J. Fuller*, New York.

SOMETHING NEW.—In musical circles the **Estey Organs** are the rage. They are the most durable and have the finest tone, *remarkable* for their *sweetness* and *power*. The *Vox Humana* and *Vox Jubilante* are the greatest novelties and best inventions ever introduced. J. ESTEY & CO., Brattleboro, Vt., Sole Manufacturers.

USE B. A. FARNESTOCK'S VERMIFUGE.

Agents! Read This!

WE will pay agents a salary of $30 per week and expenses, or allow a large commission, to sell our new and wonderful inventions. Address M. WAGNER & CO., *Marshall, Mich.*

THE MAGIC COMB will change any colored hair or beard to a permanent Black or Brown. One Comb sent by mail for $1. For sale by merchants and druggists generally. Address *Magic Comb Co., Springfield, Mass.*

Persons thinking of advertising to any extent will do well before making contracts to apply to

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.

Advertising Agents,

for an estimate. They have unequalled facilities for securing an insertion of advertisements in all newspapers and periodicals at low rates. Address them at

40 PARK ROW, N.Y.

inclosing stamp for their circular containing the names of more than One Thousand Newspapers and cost of advertising in them.

AGENTS WANTED FOR

HOMES AND FORTUNES

In the boundless West and sunny South. It speaks to the young man of a home and fortune, where and how to seek it; it tells the capitalist where to invest; the laborer, to find good wages; the farmer, the best lands; the merchant, the manufacturer, the professional man and the mechanic of the great chances open to them; it tells everybody just what they ought to know, about the vast resources and wonderful progress in every part of this great country. New, fresh, interesting and popular. Send for circular. Enterprising men can learn of a money-making business by addressing PEOPLES PUBLISHING CO., 614 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

ASK your doctor or Druggist for **SWEET QUININE**—it equals (bitter) Quinine. Man'f't by STEARNS, FARR & Co., Chemists, New York.

Aromatic Vegetable Soap.

For the Delicate Skin of Ladies and Children.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Persons thinking of advertising to any extent will do well before making contracts to apply to

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.

Advertising Agents,

for an estimate. They have unequalled facilities for securing an insertion of advertisements in all newspapers and periodicals at low rates. Address them at

40 PARK ROW, N.Y.

inclosing stamp for their circular containing the names of more than One Thousand Newspapers and cost of advertising in them.

WANTED AGENTS.—$75 to $200 per month, everywhere, male and female, to introduce the *NEW NOVELTY SEWING MACHINE.* A new thing, with the latest improvements. Price for Hand Machine, $15; with table and foot power, $25. Send for circular, with cut of machine and terms to agents. Address W. S. HILL, Manchester, N. H.

WANTED—AGENTS FOR

BIBLE LYRICS.

By Rev. Jno. A. Murray. *The Great Book of the Year. The mature product of 30 years study.* Cordially endorsed by leading clergymen of all the principal denominations. Extraordinary inducements to agents, *of which Commissions are but a part.* Agents already meeting with splendid success. Send for descriptive circular, and elegant, full-page sample engraving. Address C. F. VENT, Publisher, 3 Barclay St., New York.

WATCHES FOR THE MILLION.

The GREAT TRADE IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATION, (Incorporated by the State) sell *FINE GOLD* and *SILVER WATCHES*, upon the one price general average system, at $10 each. Be sure to obtain a circular before buying elsewhere. Agents wanted. Address MICHELIN & CO., *Managers*, Broadway, corner Fulton St., New York.

Persons thinking of advertising to any extent will do well before making contracts to apply to

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.

Advertising Agents,

for an estimate. They have unequalled facilities for securing the insertion of advertisements in all newspapers and periodicals at low rates. Address them at

40 PARK ROW, N.Y.

inclosing stamp for their circular containing the names of more than One Thousand Newspapers and cost of advertising in them.

100,000 **Agents of both sex wanted.** *One in every town in the country.* Samples and circulars sent for 25 cents. Address MARSH & CO., 7 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.

A **Heavy Moustache** in a few weeks. Send 10 cts. to W. WAY, Chesapeake City, Md.

AGENTS WANTED Local and Travelling—for the **New American Patent Meat and Vegetable Chopper.** The best thing in the market, without exception. *For Out of Machine terms, &c.*, address D. A. NEWTON & CO., 39 Cortlandt St., New York.

WIT AND HUMOR.

A Dull Clerk.

Pickernel, a successful dry goods merchant of Boston, was waited upon at his hotel by a gentleman-farmer who was desirous of getting a boy, for whom he was guardian, a "place" in Boston—of course he was an uncommon smart boy, quick at figures, strong of intuition, and one every way fit, as he should "judge," to become a merchant. Pickernel thought it over, and said he would try and make a place for him. In due time the boy arrived at Pickernel's store, his broad face ruddy with health, and soapy from the morning wash, his hair slicked, his clothes new and uncomfortable, and a stiff dickey cutting his ears. He announced himself as the boy, &c.

"Ah, you are the boy, are you?" said Pickernel.

"Yes, I 'spose so," replied youngster.

"Well come in here, then; I am very busy, but I will examine you in a few practical questions."

The boy came in, and, sitting down on the desk, swung his heels underneath it as though he felt entirely at home, waiting the questions.

"Well," said Pickernel, "suppose a lady should come in here, and buy a dress of fifteen and a half yards of calico for eleven and a half cents a yard, what would it come to?"

The boy looked at his questioner, at the ceiling, at the floor, in a state of great bewilderment.

"How much calikee?" he asked.

"Fifteen and a half yards."

"What price?"

"Eleven and a half cents."

He thought a moment.

"Well," said he, "I'm darned if I b'lieve any woman ever wanted so much cloth for a dress as that."

This was throwing up the sponge, and Pickernel put another question.

"How much would five and a half pounds of tea come to at seventy-five cents and three-quarters per pound?"

He received this pretty much the same as the other, and after waiting a minute, he asked:

"Was it green or black tea?"

Without answering, Pickernel put another question:

"Suppose I should send you out with a two-dollar bill, and you should buy fourteen and a half pounds of beef at seven and a half cents a pound, how much money would you have left?"

The boy looked at him for an instant, and then indulged in a low whistle.

"You don't s'pose," said he, "you could get beef anywhere at seven and a half cents a pound, do ye?"

Pickernel gave up at this. He asked him no more questions, but sent him back next day with a letter, stating that he didn't think he would *answer*.

Borrowing.

"My dear," said Mrs. Green, to her husband, one morning, "the meal which we borrowed from Mr. Black, a few days ago, is about out—and we must bake to-morrow."

"Well," said her husband, "send and borrow a half bushel at Mr. White's; he sent to mill yesterday."

"And when it comes shall we return the peck we borrowed more than a month ago from the widow Grey?"

"No," said the husband, gruffly, "she can send for it when she wants it. Sam do you go down to Mr. Brown's and ask him to lend me his axe to chop some wood this forenoon; ours is dull, and I saw him grind his last night. And, Jim, do you go down to Mr. Clark's, and ask him to lend me a hammer; and, do you hear? you might as well borrow a few nails while you are about it."

A little boy enters and says:

"Father sent me to ask you if you had got done with his hoe, which you borrowed a week ago last Wednesday; he wants to use it."

"Wants his hoe, child? What can he want with it? I have not done with it; but if he wants it, I suppose he must have it. Tell him to send it back, though, as soon as he can spare it."

They sat down to breakfast.

"Oh, mercy!" exclaims Mrs. Green, "there is not a particle of butter in the house. Si, run over to Mrs. Notable's—she always has excellent butter in her dairy—and ask her to lend me a plateful."

After a few minutes Si returns:

"Mrs. Notable says she sent you the butter, but begs you to remember that she has already lent seventy-nine plateful which are scored on the dairy door."

"Seventy-nine plateful," exclaimed the astonished Mrs. Green, holding up both hands. "It is no such thing; I never had half that quantity; and if I had, what is a little plateful? I should never think of keeping an account of such a trifling affair; I declare I have a mind never to borrow of that mean creature again as long as I live."

Examination Papers.

An amusing periodical, got up by the boys at Uppingham school, gives a capital skit on the style of "examination papers" frequently presented for the torture of pupils. We select one or two examples:

"Supposing the river Ganges to be three cubits in breadth (which it isn't,) what is the average height of the Alps, stocks being at 91 1-2?"

"If, in autumn apples cost 4d. per pound in London, and potatoes a shilling a score in spring, when will green-gages be sold in Paris at 1 1-2d. each, Spanish oranges being at a discount of five per cent.?"

"If two men can kill two brace of partridges in going up the right side of a rectangular turnip-field, how many would be killed by five men and a terrier pup in going down the other side?"

"If a milkmaid, 4 feet 10 inches in height, while sitting on a three-legged stool, took four pints of milk out of every fifteen cows, what was the size of the field in which the animals grazed, and what the girl's name and age?"

"If 30,000,000,000 of human beings have lived since the beginning of the world, how many may we safely say will die before the end of it?" N. B. This example to be worked out by simple subtraction, algebra, and the rule of three. Compare results."

☞ The "Litery Siety" is now in full blast. Question for next week: "If a man builds a corn crib, does that give him the privilege to crib corn?"

Call the velocipede a toy, indeed! Why, our ingenious friend, Glider, has a run before breakfast, and grinds his coffee and churns his butter with the greatest ease.

Collecting for a Poor Woman.

Henri Rochfort, in a late number of *La Lantern*, apropos of the death of the Princess Bacciochi, 'and her legacy to the Prince imperial, tells this little anecdote, which illustrates the sublime cheekiness of some men:—

"A very respectable looking gentleman called on me one day—'Excuse my troubling you,' he said, 'but there is in your neighborhood a poor woman, in the last extremity of misery. If she has not the necessary sum to pay her rent to-day, she will be turned into the street.' 'How much is needed?' I asked. 'Seventy-five francs.' I took from my pocket the seventy-five francs, and asked the poor woman's address. 'You can give them to me,' he replied, taking and putting them in his pocket; 'I am her landlord. Here is the receipt for the rent. How joyful she will be when you give it to her.'"

A Light Draught Steamer.

Down in a shop in little Delaware, the men often try to get ahead of each other in the way of hard yarns, but it's hard to beat Aleck. One of the men the other day, who had been on the Ohio, was speaking of the light draught of some of the steamers out there, when Uncle Bill spun a yarn about a steamer he saw down country that could go over any meadow with a light dew on it. When he finished, Aleck came in with—"Oh, that's nothing. When I was working at Sam Harland's, last spring, he launched a steamer for Morgan that didn't touch the water by an inch and three-quarters."

WEDDINGS.—A crystal wedding—Marrying a "glass eye."

A silver wedding—Marrying an old maid of sixty.

An iron wedding—Marrying a blacksmith.

Wooden wedding—Marrying a blockhead.

A golden wedding—Marrying for money.

A plain wedding—Marrying a carpenter.

A paper wedding—Marrying an editor.

A tin wedding—Marrying a milkmaid.

Flirting.

But what is flirting? Is sitting away in corners, talking in low voices, and looking personally affronted if any unlucky outsider comes within earshot, flirting? Not necessarily. It is just possible that Henry may be telling Angelina all about his admiration for her sister Grace, or Angelina may be confessing to Henry what Charley said to her last night, which makes her lower her eyes as she is doing now, and play with the fringe of her fan so nervously. May be, if not likely. So that sitting away in corners and whispering together is not necessarily flirting, though it may look like it. Is dancing all the "round" dances together? This goes for decided flirting in the code of the ball-room. But if the two keep well together? If they are really fond of dancing, as one of the fine arts combining science and enjoyment, they would dance with each other all night, though outside the "marble halls" they might be deadly enemies—Montagus and Capulets, with no echo of Romeo and Juliet to soften their mutual dislike. So that not even dancing together oftener than is absolutely necessary is unmistakable evidence, any more than sitting away in corners, seeing that equal skill and keeping well in step are reasons enough for perpetual partnership, making all idea of flirtation unnecessary. In fact, there is no outward sign or symbol of flirting which may not be mistaken and turned round, because flirting is so entirely in the intention, and not in the mere formula, that it becomes a kind of phantasm, a Proteus, impossible to seize or to depict with accuracy. One thing, however, we can say—that taking gifts and attentions, offered with evident design and accepted with tacit understanding, may be certainly held as constituting an important element of flirting. But this is flirting on the woman's side. And here you are being continually taken in. Your flirt of the cunningly simple kind, who smiles so sweetly and seems so flatteringly glad to see you when you come, who takes all your presents and acted expressions of love with the most bewitching gratitude and effusion—even she, so simple as she seems to be, slips the thread and will not be caught if she does not wish to be caught.

At the decisive moment when you think you have secured her, she makes a bound and is away; then turns round, looks you in the face, and with many a tear and pretty asseveration will declare she never understood you to mean what you say you have meant all along, and that you are cruel to dispel her dream of a pleasant and harmless friendship, and very wicked indeed because you press her for a decision. Yes, you are cruel, because you have believed her honest; cruel, because you did not see through the veil of flattery and insincerity in which she clothed her selfishness; cruel, because she was false. That is woman's logic when brought to book, and forced to confess that her pretended love was only flirting, and that she led you on to your destruction simply because it pleased her vanity to make you her victim. Then there are flirts of the open and rollicking kind, who let you go far, very far indeed, when suddenly they pull up and assume an offended air, as if you had willfully transegressed known and absolute boundaries—girls and women who lead you on, all in the way of good fellowship, to knock you over when you have got just far enough to lose your balance. That is their form of the art. They like to see how far they can make a man forget himself, and how much stronger their own delusive enticements are than prudence, experience, and common sense. And there are flirts of the artful and "still waters" kind, something like the male flirts spoken of just now; sentimental little pusses—perhaps pretty young wives with uncomfortable husbands—whose griefs have by no means soured or scorched, but just mellowed and refined them. Or they may be of the sisterly class, creatures so very frank, so very sisterly and confiding and unsuspicious of evil, that really you scarcely know how to deal with them at all. And there are flirts of the scientific kind; women who have studied the art thoroughly, and with the grave attention due to an art; and who are adepts in the use of every weapon known—using each according to circumstances and the nature of the victim, and using each with deadly precision. From such may a kind Providence deliver us! As the tender mercies of the wicked, so are the scientific flirts—the women and the men who play at bowls with human hearts, for simply the stakes of a whole life's happiness.

It used to be an old schoolboy maxim that no real gentleman could be refused by a lady, because no gentleman could presume beyond his line of encouragement. *A fortiori*, no lady would or could give more encouragement than she meant. What are we to say then of our flirts if this maxim is true? Are they really "no gentlemen" and "no ladies," according to the famous formula of the kitchen? Perhaps it would be said so if gentlehood meant now, as it meant centuries ago, the real worth and virtue of humanity. For flirting with intent is a cruel, a false, and a heartless amusement; and time was when cruelty and falsehood were essentially sins that vitiated all claims to gentlehood. And yet the world would be very dull without that innocent kind of nonsense which often goes by the name of flirting—that pleasant something which is more than mere acquaintanceship and less than formal loverhood—that bright and animated intercourse which makes the hours pass so easily, yet which leaves no bitter pang of self-reproach—that indefinite and undefinable interest by which the one man or the one woman becomes a kind of microcosm for the time, the epitome of all that is pleasant and of all that is lovely. The only caution to be observed is, not to go too far.

☞ Patrick saw a bull pawing in a field, and thought what fun it would be to jump over, catch him by the horns, and rub his nose in the dirt. The idea was *so* funny that he lay down and laughed to think of it. The more he thought of it the funnier it seemed, and he determined to do it. Bovus quickly tossed him over the fence again. Somewhat bruised, Patrick leisurely picked himself up, with the consolatory reflection: "Well, it is a mighty foine thing I had my laugh foorst."

AGRICULTURAL.

A Spoiled Horse.

This was my last purchase. Late in the autumn, the following advertisement led me to it:—"For sale, a valuable horse, to *one who knows how to handle him.*" Prompted partly by curiosity, and partly because my stable had become vacated, I carefully examined the horse offered for sale. He had not been harnessed for over five weeks, and, what was worse, they did not dare to harness him. If I bought, I must take my chances: it was a "run for luck." Notwithstanding all his faults, I somehow liked him from the first; yet no one of the many who had called to see him seemed disposed to buy. Although the stabler warned me not to touch him, my check for one hundred and sixty-two dollars and a half settled the matter, and I led my purchase home. I led him, for I did not care to back him until I had first made his acquaintance. My walk home gave me time for reflection, for though my eyes and my hands were kept busy in looking out for my horse, my thoughts were busier than either. A jump and a snort from my prancing steed would recall my wandering thoughts, and cause me to be more on my guard lest the stable-keeper's warning should prove true before I reached home. But at last my purchase was safely in my stable. A higher mettled or more thoroughly nervous horse I never had there before. However, with all his faults, he had one redeeming trait—he did not *kick!* But with every other vice he seemed to be familiar. If I attempted to put my hand on his head, he would pull away and snort. I could hardly enter the stable without his thrashing about violently. The grain man came, but he got so thoroughly frightened that it was weeks before I could induce him to come again.

From the day he entered my stable until the present, I have never struck him a blow. *I never, under any circumstances, strike a horse in the stable. Kindness* will accomplish what whipping has failed to do. I thought I had a winter's job before me; but the first thing I wished to do was to win his confidence—to teach him to love me, which I feel I have effectually done. I began by giving him apples and potatoes, which I always taught him to eat from my hand, and at the same time patted his neck and head. In this way, I made rapid strides in gaining his confidence. What I dreaded most was to harness him. Those ominous words, "A valuable horse to one who knows how to handle him," were continually running in my mind. Was I the man? Harnessed he must be, for every day's delay was making the matter more difficult and dangerous. I procured the help of two good men, and began. I admit that my nerves were a little shaky, yet my confidence in managing a horse had not all died out. After some trouble, we got him fairly in the shafts, and I found myself seated behind him, ready for a start. But it was no go. I soon learned that there was no danger of his running—not a bit of it! He threw himself back in his harness, and evidently expected a "scrape." But in this he was disappointed. I could sit as long as he could stand; and I waited, said nothing, but waited until *he* got tired of waiting, and started of his own accord, when I drove him, and could handle him with perfect ease. The next day, I tried him again, with the same performance, followed by the same result, and, from that day to the present, he has never refused to start when I ask him, or in any way behave improperly. It is the fire and the spirit that add value to the steed, when brought under proper subjection to the master. Dan and myself have become the best of friends. He is disposed to do anything I ask him, and I never strike him a blow. *I talk to him* if he is frightened. A kind word from me assures him, and he takes courage.

He can "make his mile" in three minutes, or twelve miles an hour, has fine style and action, and is as good and clever an animal in the stable or harness as I could wish. My boy of twelve can handle him and take care of him with perfect safety. It was not the *whip* that made him what he is, but the law of kindness, which always works best, on man or beast. By it I have a good and valuable horse, and I think he has a master who "*knows how to handle him.*"—*O. W. F., in Our Dumb Animals.*

English Farming.

The meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society at Manchester, (Eng.) besides showing improvements in live stock and farm and dairy produce, made clear to all beholders that the application of machinery to agriculture has become more and more practicable. There were nearly eight thousand machines and implements exhibited, and this fact alone implies a large and lively demand. Among them were horse pitchforks, which, by a combination of poles, ropes, and pulleys, will fork hay or barley from a wagon to the top of the tallest rick with surprising rapidity. Ploughs are now made to effect eight furrows at once by the aid of a steam-engine; and steam-cultivators loosen at once breadths of from nine feet to eighteen feet, and work to a depth of six inches. No wonder that the number of those enterprising persons increases who undertake to plough farms in any part of the country by contract. Another contrivance lays down iron shoes as a sort of endless rail under the wheels of carts on soft roads; and thus another farming difficulty is overcome. And hard roads are not neglected, for a fifteen-ton roller has been constructed which bites up the surface of an old road, and presses down solidly a layer of new macadam at the rate of half an acre in ten hours, and at a cost of a farthing a square yard (superficial.) We hear that the Manchester meeting was unprecedently successful, and it seems to have deserved success.—*Chambers's Journal.*

Are Bees Injurious to Fruit?

In answer to this question Dr. A. S. Packard, editor of the American Naturalist, in vol. 2, page 52, observes:—

"I would reply that all the evidence given by botanists and zoologists who have specially studied the subject, shows that bees improve the quality and tend to increase the quantity of fruit. They aid in the fertilization of flowers, thus preventing the occurrence of sterile flowers, and by more thoroughly fertilizing flowers already perfect, render the production of sound and well-developed fruit more sure. Many botanists think if it were not for bees and other insects, *many plants would not fruit at all.*

RECEIPTS.

RECIPES FOR UNFERMENTED DRINKS FOR THE SICK. RASPBERRY SYRUP.—Take nice ripe raspberries, either black, red, or white, and mash them fine, scald them a few moments and press out the juice. Add half a pint of white sugar to a quart of juice, boil a few minutes, skimming carefully if any scum rises. Bottle while hot, and cork and seal immediately.

This makes a very palatable and desirable summer drink, when reduced with water. It will bear an equal part, or even more of water. Less or more sugar may be used, as preferred.

STRAWBERRY SYRUP.—Take ripe berries and immediately press out the juice. Add sugar as for raspberries. Boil and skim. Bottle and seal while hot. Strawberry syrup prepared in this manner is a real luxury, in sickness or in health.

BLACKBERRIES prepared in the same manner make a desirable and wholesome beverage, but whatever kind of berries is used, whether cultivated or wild, they should be well ripened, mellow and juicy, and not pressed too closely from the pulp and seeds.

ELDERBERRIES, when very ripe and large, made into a syrup the same as above, are equally as desirable as blackberries.

CURRANTS, white, red, or black, prepared after the same formula are equally good. The juice of the different kinds of currants may be mixed to good advantage; or, which is better still, combined with raspberry, blackberry, or elderberry juice in any proportion convenient.

PINE APPLE juice makes a delicate drink, managed in the same way. Peaches and plums are both excellent, and cherries will do if nothing better can be obtained; but the syrup will not be so clear and lively as the others.

These juices must all be bottled as carefully as canned fruits, to keep them from the least degree of fermentation.

UNFERMENTED WINES.—In ancient times unfermented wine was held in as high estimation as was unfermented bread. In the religious observances of the Jews both were extensively employed. During the week of Passover nothing *fermented* was allowed to be used.

Gather the grapes when well ripened. Carefully remove all decayed and unripe berries. Mixed varieties, or any one of the favorite varieties of grapes may be used. Press out the juice and boil as long as any scum rises. Skim carefully from time to time. Do not boil to exceed an hour. Bottle while hot, and seal either in glass bottles, jugs, or air-tight casks. It is fit for use at any time, but after being opened it must not be allowed to ferment. Except the strawberry syrup, this will be found the most delightful and exhilarating of all the unfermented beverages mentioned. It needs no sugar, and may be reduced when drank.

I contribute the recipes for these beverages to the readers of The Herald of Health at the solicitation of the editor, and will merely add that I have long been in the habit of preparing them, and that we make large dependence upon them in our Cure, at table, and as food for the sick. Any disease of the digestive organs, especially the bowels, can be controlled, and, with other appliances, can be cured by their employment, according to indications.—*Mrs. L. A. Jenkins in Herald of Health.*

☞ Young lady (to Fred, with thin legs)—"Fred, I always admired your courage. I know when I first laid eyes on you that you were brave to madness." Fred (coming up smiling)—"Oh! don't, my dear! Why do you say that?" Young lady—"Why, any man must have courage who can trust himself long at a time on such legs as yours."

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 67 letters.

My 11, 2, 9, 40, 32, 12, 64, 34, 49, 23, is the capital of a nation.

My 41, 8, 20, 37, 60, 54, is a distinguished poet of the middle age.

My 59, 21, 62, 51, 14, is a comparatively modern poet.

My 3, 45, 17, 44, 50, is a carnivorous animal.

My 36, 10, 1, 35, 5, 59, 16, 39, 23, is a species of the harmless reptiles.

My 65, 26, 2, 54, 47, 66, 61, 3, 36, 14, 47, is an animal.

My 10, 15, 27, 58, 13, 23, 4, 21, 38, 6, 30, 24, is a gifted authoress.

My 52, 14, 56, 19, 55, 31, 33, 7, 36, 28, 43, 63, is a modern nation.

My 25, 22, 53, 29, 1, 44, is another modern country.

My 23, 20, 49, 40, 8, 67, 2, is one of the United States.

My 43, begins a day of the week, a month, a nation, and a state.

My whole is a poetical quotation.

FRANK POORMAN.

Milton Station, Ill.

Problem.

A bought flour for cash, and sold it to B at an advance. B sold it to C at 10 per cent. advance, and C, on selling it to D, gained $7,128, equal to 12 per cent. profit; which was 4 per cent. more than A made, though he bought it at $5 per barrel. Required—B's gain, how much C received, and the number of barrels in the lot?

W. H. MORROW.

Irwin Station, Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Land Dividing Problem.

Two neighbors, John and Lewis, together, bought a triangular patch of land, containing in area 924 perches, for which they paid per acre as many dollars as the first side thereof measured perches in length, the second side measuring 40 perches, and if each of the first and third sides had been 1 perch longer than said third side would have been in proportion to said first side as 2 is to 3. Now—the land being of equal value throughout, and each having paid an alike sum of the purchase money, therefore, dividing it equally among them, they started on said first side, as a base of said patch, running up in a slanting manner to the angle where said second and third sides met each other. Required—the length of this division line between them. AUGUSTUS.

☞ An answer is requested.

Mathematical Problem.

Aaron was to make a vessel consisting of 8 equal sided triangular faces, and to contain 8 gallons of wine. He wishes to know (as near as 6 places of decimals will express it) the linear side of each of these faces.

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ What did the cat say as she looked out of the window when the ark got aground? Ans.—"Is that 'ar a rat (Ararat)?"

☞ What people can never live long nor wear great coats? Ans.—Dwarfs.

☞ Why is a goose like a cow's tail? Ans.—Because they both grow down.

☞ Why should Pennsylvania oil counties be surrounded by water? Ans.—Because they are Ilelands.

☞ Why is a list of musical composers like a saucepan? Ans.—Because it is incomplete without a Handel.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—

"Leave to Heaven, in humble trust,
All you will to do;
But, if you succeed, you must
'Paddle your own canoe!'"

BIBLICAL ENIGMA—"The wicked flee when no man pursueth, but the righteous are bold as a lion." RIDDLE—Heat (hot, eat, tea, hat.)